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GERTRUDE OF WYOMING,

AND

OTHER POEMS

BY

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THOMAS CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF THE "PLEASURES OF HOPE"

Drawn by R. Westall. Engraved by G. Heath

And I, the eagle of my tribe have rushed
With this twin dove

P. II

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME AND BROWN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW;
AND J. MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1822.

Perkins & Heath - Patent Hardened Steel Plate.

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AND

OTHER POEMS.

By THOMAS CAMPBELL,

AUTHOR OF THE PLEASURES OF HOPE.

NINTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR

LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, BROWN, AND GREEN,

PATERNOSTER-ROW; AND

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1825.

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1825

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

LORD HOLLAND

THE

FOLLOWING VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED, WITH RESPECT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

T

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, *by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxuriant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms, converted this terrestial paradise into a frightful waste.* Mr. Isaac Weld *informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in* 1796.

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING

Drawn by R. Westall, R.A. Engraved by C. Heath.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The lingering moon where flow'rs a cooler had strewn

LONDON.
PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES
ORME AND BROWN
1822
Forbans & Heath, Printers Hardened Steel Plate.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

PART I.

I.

On Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming!
Although the wild-flower on thy ruin'd wall
And roofless homes, a sad remembrance bring
Of what thy gentle people did befall;
Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all
That see the Atlantic wave their morn restore.
Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall,
And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore,
Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

II.

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies,
The happy shepherd swains had nought to do
But feed their flocks on green declivities,
Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe,
From morn till evening's sweeter pastime grew,
With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,
Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew;
And aye those sunny mountains half-way down
Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

III.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes
His leave, how might you the flamingo see
Disporting like a meteor on the lakes —
And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree:
And ev'ry sound of life was full of glee,
From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;
While heark'ning, fearing nought their revelry,
The wild deer arch'd his neck from glades, and then
Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

IV.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime
Heard, but in transatlantic story rung,
For here the exile met from ev'ry clime,
And spoke in friendship ev'ry distant tongue:
Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,
Were but divided by the running brook;
And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung,
On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook,
The blue-ey'd German chang'd his sword to pruning-hook

V.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband
Would sound to many a native roundelay —
But who is he that yet a dearer land
Remembers, over hills and far away?
Green Albin![1] what though he no more survey
Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore,
Thy pellochs[2] rolling from the mountain bay,
Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor,
And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar![3]

[1] Scotland. [2] The Gaelic appellation for the porpoise.
[3] The great whirlpool of the Western Hebrides.

VI.

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer,
That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief,
Had forc'd him from a home he lov'd so dear!
Yet found he here a home, and glad relief,
And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf,
That fir'd his Highland blood with mickle glee:
And England sent her men, of men the chief,
Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be,
To plant the tree of life, — to plant fair freedom's tree!

VII.

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp
Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom;
Judgment awoke not here her dismal tromp,
Nor seal'd in blood a fellow-creature's doom,
Nor mourn'd the captive in a living tomb.
One venerable man, belov'd of all,
Suffic'd, where innocence was yet in bloom,
To sway the strife, that seldom might befall:
And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

VIII.

How rev'rend was the look, serenely ag'd,
He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire,
Where all but kindly fervors were assuag'd,
Undimm'd by weakness' shade, or turbid ire!
And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,
Some high and haughty features might betray
A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire
That fled composure's intellectual ray,
As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising day.

IX.

I boast no song in magic wonders rife,
But yet, oh, Nature! is there nought to prize,
Familiar in thy bosom scenes of life?
And dwells in day-light truth's salubrious skies
No form with which the soul may sympathise?
Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehead mild
The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise,
An inmate in the home of Albert smil'd,
Or blest his noonday walk — she was his only child.

X.

The rose of England bloom'd on Gertrude's cheek—
What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire
A Briton's independence taught to seek
Far western worlds; and there his household fire
The light of social love did long inspire,
And many a halcyon day he liv'd to see
Unbroken but by one misfortune dire,
When fate had reft his mutual heart — but she
Was gone—and Gertrude climb'd a widow'd father's knee.

XI.

A lov'd bequest, — and I may half impart —
To them that feel the strong paternal tie,
How like a new existence to his heart
That living flow'r uprose beneath his eye,
Dear as she was from cherub infancy,
From hours when she would round his garden play,
To time when as the rip'ning years went by,
Her lovely mind could culture well repay,
And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

XII.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms,
(Unconscious fascination, undesigned!)
The orison repeated in his arms,
For God to bless her sire and all mankind;
The book, the bosom on his knee reclin'd,
Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con,
(The playmate ere the teacher of her mind):
All uncompanion'd else her heart had gone
Till now, in Gertrude's eyes, their ninth blue summer shone.

XIII.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour,
When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,
An Indian from his bark approach their bow'r,
Of buskin'd limb, and swarthy lineament;
The red wild feathers on his brow were blent,
And bracelets bound the arm that help'd to light
A boy, who seem'd, as he beside him went,
Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright,
Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

XIV.

Yet pensive seem'd the boy for one so young —
The dimple from his polish'd cheek had fled;
When, leaning on his forest-bow unstrung,
Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said,
And laid his hand upon the stripling's head,
'Peace be to thee! my words this belt approve;
'The paths of peace my steps have hither led:
'This little nursling, take him to thy love,
'And shield the bird unfledg'd, since gone the parent dove.

XV.

'Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe;
'Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace:
'Upon the Michagan, three moons ago,
'We launched our pirogues for the bison chace,
'And with the Hurons planted for a space,
'With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk;
'But snakes are in the bosoms of their race,
'And though they held with us a friendly talk,
'The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

XVI.

‘ It was encamping on the lake's far port,
‘ A cry of Areouski [4] broke our sleep,
‘ Where storm'd an ambush'd foe thy nation's fort,
‘ And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep ;
‘ But long thy country's war-sign on the steep
‘ Appear'd through ghastly intervals of light
‘ And deathfully their thunders seem'd to sweep,
‘ Till utter darkness swallow'd up the sight,
‘ As if a show'r of blood had quench'd the fiery fight!

XVII.

‘ It slept — it rose again — on high their tow'r
‘ Sprung upwards like a torch to light the skies,
‘ Then down again it rain'd an ember show'r,
‘ And louder lamentations heard we rise :
‘ As when the evil Manitou [5] that dries
‘ Th' Ohio woods, consumes them in his ire,
‘ In vain the desolated panther flies,
‘ And howls amidst his wilderness of fire :
‘ Alas! too late, we reach'd and smote those Hurons dire!

[4] The Indian God of War. [5] Manitou, Spirit or Deity.

XVIII.

‘ But as the fox beneath the nobler hound,
‘ So died their warriors by our battle-brand;
‘ And from the tree we, with her child, unbound
‘ A lonely mother of the Christian land —
‘ Her lord — the captain of the British band —
‘ Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay.
‘ Scarce knew the widow our deliv'ring hand;
‘ Upon her child she sobb'd, and swoon'd away,
‘ Or shriek'd unto the God to whom the Christians pray.

XIX.

‘ Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls
‘ Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité:
‘ But she was journeying to the land of souls,
‘ And lifted up her dying head to pray
‘ That we should bid an ancient friend convey
‘ Her orphan to his home of England's shore;
‘ And take, she said, this token far away,
‘ To one that will remember us of yore,
‘ When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

XX.

'And I, the eagle of my tribe [6], have rush'd
'With this lorn dove.' — A sage's self-command
Had quell'd the tears from Albert's heart that gush'd;
But yet his cheek — his agitated hand —
That shower'd upon the stranger of the land
No common boon, in grief but ill beguil'd
A soul that was not wont to be unmann'd;
'And stay,' he cried, 'dear pilgrim of the wild!
'Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child! —

XXI.

'Child of a race whose name my bosom warms,
'On earth's remotest bounds how welcome here!
'Whose mother oft, a child, has fill'd these arms,
'Young as thyself, and innocently dear,
'Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer.
'Ah, happiest home of England's happy clime!
'How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear,
'As in the noon and sunshine of my prime!
'How gone like yesterday these thrice ten years of time!

[6] The Indians are distinguished both personally and by tribes by the name of particular animals, whose qualities they affect to resemble, either for cunning, strength, swiftness, or other qualities; —as the eagle, the serpent, the fox, or bear.

XXII.

'And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude now,
'Can I forget thee, fav'rite child of yore?
'Or thought I, in thy father's house, when thou
'Wert lightest hearted on his festive floor,
'And first of all his hospitable door
'To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?
'But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?
'And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend,
'In woes, that ev'n the tribe of deserts was thy friend!'

XXIII.

He said — and strain'd unto his heart the boy;
Far differently, the mute Oneyda took
His calumet of peace, and cup of joy;[7]
As monumental bronze unchang'd his look:
A soul that pity touch'd, but never shook;
Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle[8] to his bier,
The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook.
Impassive — fearing but the shame of fear —
A stoic of the woods — a man without a tear.

[7] *Calumet of peace.* — The calumet is the Indian name for the ornamented pipe of friendship, which they smoke as a pledge of amity.

[8] *Tree-rock'd cradle.* — The Indian mothers suspend their children in their cradles from the boughs of trees, and let them be rock'd by the wind.

XXIV.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock
Of Outalissi's heart disdain'd to grow;
As lives the oak unwither'd on the rock
By storms above, and barrenness below:
He scorn'd his own, who felt another's woe:
And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung,
Or lac'd his mocasins, in act to go,
A song of parting to the boy he sung,
Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

XXV.

'Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
'Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet,
'Oh! tell her spirit, that the white man's hand
'Hath pluck'd the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;
'While I in lonely wilderness shall greet
'Thy little foot-prints — or by traces know
'The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet
'To feed thee with the quarry of my bow,
'And pour'd the lotus-horn [9], or slew the mountain roe.

[9] From a flower shaped like a horn, which Chateaubriant presumes to be of the lotus kind, the Indians in their travels through the desert often find a draught of dew purer than any other water.

XXVI.

'Adieu! sweet scion of the rising sun!
'But should affliction's storms thy blossom mock,
'Then come again — my own adopted one!
'And I will graft thee on a noble stock:
'The crocodile, the condor of the rock,
'Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars;
'And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock,
'To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars,
'And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars!'

XXVII.

So finish'd he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth)
That true to nature's fervid feelings ran;
(And song is but the eloquence of truth:)
Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man;
But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan
In woods requir'd, whose trained eye was keen
As eagle of the wilderness, to scan
His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine,
Or ken far friendly huts on good savannas green.

XXVIII.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side —
His pirogue launched — his pilgrimage begun —
Far, like the red-bird's wing he seem'd to glide;
Then div'd, and vanish'd in the woodlands dun.
Oft, to that spot by tender memory won,
Would Albert climb the promontory's height,
If but a dim sail glimmer'd in the sun;
But never more, to bless his longing sight,
Was Outalissi hail'd, with bark and plumage bright.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

PART II.

I.

A VALLEY from the river shore withdrawn
Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between,
Whose lofty verdure overlook'd his lawn;
And waters to their resting-place serene
Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene:
(A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves;)
So sweet a spot of earth, you might, (I ween)
Have guess'd some congregation of the elves,
To sport by summer moons, had shap'd it for themselves.

II.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse,
Nor vistas open'd by the wand'ring stream;
Both where at evening Allegany views,
Through ridges burning in her western beam,
Lake after lake interminably gleam:
And past those settlers' haunts the eye might roam
Where earth's unliving silence all would seem;
Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome,
Or buffalo remote low'd far from human home.

III.

But silent not that adverse eastern path,
Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown;
There was the river heard, in bed of wrath,
(A precipice of foam from mountains brown,)
Like tumults heard from some far distant town;
But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom,
And murmur'd pleasantly, and laid him down
To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom,
That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

IV.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had
On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own
Inspir'd those eyes affectionate and glad,
That seem'd to love whate'er they look'd upon;
Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone,
Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast,
(As if for heav'nly musing meant alone;)
Yet so becomingly th' expression past,
That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

V.

Nor guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home,
With all its picturesque and balmy grace,
And fields that were a luxury to roam,
Lost on the soul that look'd from such a face!
Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace
Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,
The sunrise path, at morn, I see thee trace
To hills with high magnolia overgrown,
And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

VI.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe forth,
That thus apostrophiz'd its viewless scene:
'Land of my father's love, my mother's birth!
'The home of kindred I have never seen!
'We know not other — oceans are between:
'Yet say! far friendly hearts, from whence we came,
'Of us does oft remembrance intervene!
'My mother sure — my sire a thought may claim; —
'But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name.

VII.

'And yet, lov'd England! when thy name I trace
'In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song,
'How can I choose but wish for one embrace
'Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong
'My mother's looks, — perhaps her likeness strong?
'Oh, parent! with what reverential awe,
'From features of thine own related throng,
'An image of thy face my soul could draw!
'And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw!'

VIII.

Yet deem not Gertrude sigh'd for foreign joy;
To soothe a father's couch her only care,
And keep his rev'rend head from all annoy:
For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,
Soon as the morning wreath had bound her hair;
While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew,
While boatmen carol'd to the fresh-blown air,
And woods a horizontal shadow threw,
And early fox appear'd in momentary view.

IX.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore;
Tradition had not nam'd its lonely spot;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their father's dust[10], or lift, perchance of yore,
Their voice to the great Spirit: — rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime, [time.
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decay'd by

[10] It is a custom of the Indian tribes to visit the tombs of their ancestors in the cultivated parts of America, who have been buried for upwards of a century.

X.

But high in amphitheatre above,
His arms the everlasting aloes threw:
Breath'd but an air of heav'n, and all the grove
As if with instinct living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulphs of every hue;
And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swell'd anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles, — ere yet its symphony begin.

XI.

It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flow'rs a couch had strewn;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown:
And aye that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

XII.

And nought within the grove was heard or seen
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom profound,
Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;
When, lo! there enter'd to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th' equator suns his cheek had tann'd,
And California's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

XIII.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipp'd for a space
Those downcast features: — she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:
Iberian seem'd his boot — his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.

XIV.

For Albert's home he sought — her finger fair
Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.
Returning from the copse he soon was there;
And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood;
Nor joyless, by the converse, understood
Between the man of age and pilgrim young,
That gay congeniality of mood,
And early liking from acquaintance sprung;
Full fluently convers'd their guest in England's tongue.

XV.

And well could he his pilgrimage of taste
Unfold, — and much they lov'd his fervid strain,
While he each fair variety retrac'd
Of climes, and manners, o'er the eastern main.
Now happy Switzer's hills, — romantic Spain, —
Gay lilied fields of France, — or, more refin'd,
The soft Ausonia's monumental reign;
Nor less each rural image he design'd
Than all the city's pomp and home of human kind.

XVI.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glories he would speak, —
The loneliness of earth that overawes, —
Where, resting by some tomb of old Cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around;
But storks that to the boundless forest shriek,
Or wild-cane arch high flung o'er gulph profound,[11]
That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

XVII.

Pleas'd with his guest, the good man still would ply
Each earnest question, and his converse court;
But Gertrude, as she ey'd him, knew not why
A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.
'In England thou hast been, — and, by report,
'An orphan's name (quoth Albert) may'st have known.
'Sad tale! — when latest fell our frontier fort, —
'One innocent — one soldier's child — alone
'Was spar'd, and brought to me, who lov'd him as
my own. —

[11] The bridges over narrow streams in many parts of Spanish America are said to be built of cane, which, however strong to support the passenger, are yet waved in the agitation of the storm, and frequently add to the effect of a mountainous and

XVIII.

'Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful years
'These very walls his infant sports did see;
'But most I lov'd him when his parting tears
'Alternately bedew'd my child and me:
'His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee;
'Nor half its grief his little heart could hold:
'By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea,
'They tore him from us when but twelve years old,
'And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consol'd!'

XIX.

His face the wand'rer hid — but could not hide
A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell; —
'And speak! mysterious stranger!' (Gertrude cried)
'It is! — it is! — I knew — I knew him well!
'Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come to tell!
A burst of joy the father's lips declare;
But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell:
At once his open arms embrac'd the pair,
Was never group more blest, in this wide world of care.

XX.

'And will ye pardon then (replied the youth)
'Your Waldegrave's feigned name, and false attire?
'I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,
'The very fortunes of your house enquire;
'Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire
'Impart, and I my weakness all betray;
'For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire,
'I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day,
'Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

XXI.

'But here ye live,—ye bloom,—in each dear face,
'The changing hand of time I may not blame;
'For there, it hath but shed more reverend grace,
'And here of beauty perfected the frame:
'And well I know your hearts are still the same —
'They could not change — ye look the very way,
'As when an orphan first to you I came.
'And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray?
'Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous day?'

XXII.

'And art thou here? or is it but a dream?
'And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou, leave us more?
'No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem
'Than aught on earth — than ev'n thyself of yore —
'I will not part thee from thy father's shore;
'But we shall cherish him with mutual arms,
'And hand in hand again the path explore,
'Which every ray of young remembrance warms,
'While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and charms.'

XXIII.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was od'rous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight:
There if, oh, gentle love! I read aright,
The utterance that seal'd thy sacred bond,
'Twas list'ning to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's pow'r to paint, all languishingly fond.

XXIV.

'Flow'r of my life, so lovely, and so lone!
'Whom I would rather in this desert meet,
'Scorning, and scorn'd by fortune's pow'r, than own
'Her pomp and splendors lavish'd at my feet!
'Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
'Than odours cast on heav'n's own shrine — to please —
'Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet,
'And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,
'When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas.'

XXV.

Then would that home admit them — happier far
Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon,
While, here and there, a solitary star
Flush'd in the dark'ning firmament of June;
And silence brought the soul-felt hour, full soon.
Ineffable, which I may not pourtray;
For never did the hymenean moon
A paradise of hearts more sacred sway,
In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

GERTRUDE

OF

WYOMING.

PART III.

I.

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine.
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine!
Nor, blind with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

II.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove,
And pastoral savannas they consume!
While she, beside her buskin'd youth to rove,
Delights, in fancifully wild costume,
Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume;
And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare;
But not to chase the deer in forest gloom;
'Tis but the breath of heav'n — the blessed air —
And interchange of hearts unknown, unseen to share.

III.

What though the sportive dog oft round them note,
Or fawn, or wild bird bursting on the wing;
Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote
To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,
Or writhing from the brook its victim bring?
No! — nor let fear one little warbler rouse;
But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them sing,
Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs,
That shade ev'n now her love, and witness'd first her vows.

IV.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce,
Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,
Where welcome ills shut out the universe,
And pines their lawny walk encompass round;
There, if a pause delicious converse found,
'Twas but when o'er each heart th' idea stole,
(Perchance a while in joy's oblivion drown'd)
That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll,
Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

V.

And in the visions of romantic youth,
What years of endless bliss are yet to flow!
But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth?
The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below!
And must I change my song? and must I shew,
Sweet Wyoming! the day when thou wert doom'd'
Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bow'rs laid low!
When where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and black'ning ashes gloom'd.

VI.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driv'n,
When Transatlantic Liberty arose,
Not in the sunshine, and the smile of heav'n,
But wrapt in whirlwinds, and begirt with woes,
Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes;
Her birth star was the light of burning plains; [12]
Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts — the blood of British veins —
And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

VII.

Yet, ere the storm of death had rag'd remote,
Or siege unseen in heav'n reflects its beams,
Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,
That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts, and nightly dreams?
Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams
Portentous light! and music's voice is dumb;
Save where the fife its shrill reveillè screams,
Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum,
That speaks of mad'ning strife, and bloodstain'd fields to come.

[12] Alluding to the miseries that attended the American civil war.

VIII.

It was in truth a momentary pang;
Yet how comprising myriad shapes of woe!
First when in Gertrude's ear the summons rang,
A husband to the battle doom'd to go!
'Nay meet not thou, (she cries) thy kindred foe!
'But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!'
'Ah, Gertrude! thy beloved heart, I know
'Would feel like mine, the stigmatizing brand!
'Could I forsake the cause of freedom's holy band!

IX.

'But shame—but flight—a recreant's name to prove,
'To hide in exile ignominious fears;
'Say, ev'n if this I brook'd, the public love
'Thy father's bosom to his home endears:
'And how could I his few remaining years,
'My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child?'
So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers;
At last that heart to hope is half beguil'd,
And, pale through tears suppress'd, the mournful beauty smil'd.

X.

Night came, — and in their lighted bow'r, full late,
The joy of converse had endur'd — when, hark!
Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate;
And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark,
A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms, — and fell upon the floor:
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark;
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

XI.

Upris'n, each wond'ring brow is knit and arch'd:
A spirit from the dead they deem him first:
To speak he tries; but quiv'ring, pale, and parch'd,
From lips, as by some pow'rless dream accurs'd,
Emotions unintelligible burst;
And long his filmed eye is red and dim;
At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
Had half assuag'd, and nerv'd his shuddering limb,
When Albert's hand he grasp'd;—but Albert knew
not him —

GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Drawn by R. Westall R.A. Engraved by C. Heath.

The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him through.

P. 35.

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Perkins & Heath - Patent Hardened Steel Plate

XII.

'And hast thou then forgot,' (he cried forlorn,
And ey'd the group with half indignant air,)
'Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
'When I with thee the cup of peace did share?
'Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
'That now is white as Appalachia's snow;
'But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
'And age hath bow'd me, and the tort'ring foe,
'Bring me my boy — and he will his deliverer know!' —

XIII.

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
Ere Henry to his lov'd Oneyda flew:
'Bless thee, my guide!' — but, backward, as he came,
The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him through.
'Twas strange — nor could the group a smile controul —
The long the doubtful scrutiny to view: —
At last delight o'er all his features stole,
'It is — my own,' he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.

XIV.

'Yes! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
'The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
'When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
'I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
'Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack;
'Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I fear'd, [13]
'For I was strong as mountain cataract:
'And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd,
'Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd?

XV.

'Then welcome be my death-song, and my death!
'Since I have seen thee, and again embrac'd.'
And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath;
But with affectionate and eager haste,
Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,
To welcome and to bless his aged head.
Soon was the hospitable banquet plac'd;
And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
On wounds with fever'd joy that more profusely bled.

[13] Cougar, the American tiger.

XVI.

'But this is not a time,' — he started up,
And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand —
'This is no time to fill the joyous cup,
'The Mammoth comes, — the foe, — the Monster Brandt, [14] —
'With all his howling desolating band; —
'These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine
'Awake at once, and silence half your land.
'Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine:
'Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

XVII.

'Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
''Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:
'Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe
'Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth:
'No! not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth,
'Escap'd that night of blood, upon our plains!
'All perish'd! — I alone am left on earth!
'To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
'No! — not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

[14] Braandt was the leader of those Mohawks, and other savages, who laid waste this part of Pennsylvania. — Vide the note at the end of this poem.

XVIII.

‘ But go ! — and rouse your warriors; — for, if right
‘ These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs
‘ Of strip'd and starred banners, on yon height
‘ Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines —
‘ Some fort embattled by your country shines :
‘ Deep roars th' innavigable gulph below
‘ Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
‘ Go ! seek the light its warlike beacons shew;
‘ Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe !'

XIX.

Scarce had he utter'd—when Heav'n's verge extreme
Reverberates the bomb's descending star, —
And sounds that mingled laugh, — and shout, — and scream, —
To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar,
Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war.
Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assail'd !
As if unearthly fiends had burst their bar;
While rapidly the marksman's shot prevail'd : —
And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet wail'd. —

XX.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;
Or swept, far seen, the tow'r, whose clock unrung,
Told legible that midnight of despair.
She faints, — she falters not, — th' heroic fair, —
As he the sword and plume in haste array'd.
One short embrace — he clasp'd his dearest care —
But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?
Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through
the shade!

XXI.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm,
Far rung the groves and gleam'd the midnight grass,
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm;
As warriors wheel'd their culverins of brass,
Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass,
Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines:
And first the wild Moravian yargers pass,
His plumed host the dark Iberian joins —
And Scotia's sword beneath the Highland thistle
shines.

XXII.

And in, the buskin'd hunters of the deer,
To Albert's home, with shout and cymbal throng:—
Rous'd by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer,
Old Outalissi woke his battle song,
And, beating with his war-club cadence strong,
Tells how his steep-stung indignation smarts,
Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere long,
To whet a dagger on their stony hearts,
And smile aveng'd ere yet his eagle spirit parts.—

XXIII.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose,
Pale on his venerable brow its rays
Of martyr light the conflagration throws;
One hand upon his lovely child he lays,
And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways;
While, though the battle flash is faster driv'n,—
Unaw'd, with eye unstartled by the blaze,
He for his bleeding country prays to Heav'n,—
Prays that the men of blood themselves may be
forgiv'n.

XXIV.

Short time is now for gratulating speech:
And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began
Thy country's flight, yon distant tow'rs to reach,
Look'd not on thee the rudest partizan
With brow relax'd to love! And murmurs ran,
As round and round their willing ranks they drew,
From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van.
Grateful, on them a placid look she threw,
Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

XXV.

Past was the flight, and welcome seem'd the tow'r,
That like a giant standard-bearer frown'd
Defiance on the roving Indian pow'r.
Beneath, each bold and promontory mound
With embrasure emboss'd, and armour crown'd,
And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin,
Wove like a diadem its tracery round
The lofty summit of that mountain green;
Here stood secure the group, and ey'd a distant scene.

XXVI.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun,
And blended arms, and white pavilions glow;
And for the business of destruction done
Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow:
There, sad spectatress of her country's woe!
The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm,
Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow
On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his arm
Enclos'd, that felt her heart, and hush'd its wild alarm!

XXVII.

But short that contemplation — sad and short
The pause to bid each much-lov'd scene adieu!
Beneath the very shadow of the fort,
Where friendly swords were drawn, and banners flew;
Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew
Was near? — yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds,
Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view,
The ambush'd foeman's eye — his volley speeds,
And Albert — Albert — falls! the dear old father bleeds!

XXVIII.

And tranc'd in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd;
Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone,
Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,
These drops?—Oh, God! the life-blood is her own!
And falt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—
'Weep not, O Love!'—she cries, 'to see me bleed—
'Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone
'Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed
'These wounds;—yet thee to leave is death, is death
indeed.

XXIX.

'Clasp me a little longer on the brink
'Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
'And when this heart hath ceas'd to beat—oh! think,
'And let it mitigate thy woe's excess,
'That thou hast been to me all tenderness,
'And friend to more than human friendship just.
'Oh! by that retrospect of happiness,
'And by the hopes of an immortal trust,
'God shall assuage thy pangs—when I am laid in
dust!

XXX.

'Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart,
'The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move
'Where my dear father took thee to his heart,
'And Gertrude thought it ecstasy to rove
'With thee, as with an angel, through the grove
'Of peace, imagining her lot was cast
'In heav'n; for ours was not like earthly love.
'And must this parting be our very last?
'No! I shall love thee still, when death itself is past. —

XXXI.

'Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth, —
'And thee, more lov'd than aught beneath the sun,
'If I had liv'd to smile but on the birth
'Of one dear pledge; — but shall there then be none,
'In future times — no gentle little one,
'To clasp thy neck, and look, resembling me?
'Yet seems it, ev'n while life's last pulses run,
'A sweetness in the cup of death to be,
'Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!'

XXXII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt.
Ah, heart! where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt, —
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words; — but knew not what
they were.

XXXIII.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives
A faithful band. With solemn rites between,
'Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives,
And in their deaths had not divided been.
Touch'd by the music, and the melting scene,
Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd: —
Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen
To veil their eyes, as pass'd each much-lov'd shroud —
While woman's softer soul in woe dissolv'd aloud.

XXXIV.

Then mournfully the parting bugle bid
Its farewell, o'er the grave of worth and truth;
Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid
His face on earth; — him watch'd, in gloomy ruth,
His woodland guide: but words had none to sooth
The grief that knew not consolation's name:
Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth,
He watch'd, beneath its folds, each burst that came
Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

XXXV.

'And I could weep;' — th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus begun;
'But that I may not stain with grief
'The death-song of my father's son!
'Or bow this head in woe;
'For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
'To-morrow Areouski's breath,
'(That fires yon heav'n with storms of death,)
'Shall light us to the foe:
'And we shall share, my Christian boy!
'The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

XXXVI.

‘ But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was giv'n
‘ By milder genii o'er the deep,
‘ The spirits of the white man's heav'n
‘ Forbid not thee to weep : —
‘ Nor will the Christian host,
‘ Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
‘ To see thee, on the battle's eve,
‘ Lamenting, take a mournful leave
‘ Of her who lov'd thee most :
‘ She was the rainbow to thy sight !
‘ Thy sun — thy heav'n — of lost delight !

XXXVII.

‘ To-morrow let us do or die !
‘ But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
‘ Ah ! whither then with thee to fly,
‘ Shall Outalissi roam the world ?
‘ Seek we thy once-lov'd home ?
‘ The hand is gone that cropt its flowers :
‘ Unheard their clock repeats its hours !
‘ Cold is the hearth within their bow'rs !
‘ And should we thither roam,
‘ Its echoes, and its empty tread,
‘ Would sound like voices from the dead !

XXXVIII.

'Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
'Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd?
'And by my side, in battle true,
'A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
'Ah! there in desolation cold,
'The desert serpent dwells alone,
'Where grass o'ergrows each mould'ring bone,
'And stones themselves to ruin grown,
'Like me, are death-like old.
'Then seek we not their camp, — for there —
'The silence dwells of my despair!'

XXXIX.

'But hark, the trump! — to-morrow thou
'In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears:
'Ev'n from the land of shadows now
'My father's awful ghost appears,
'Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
'He bids my soul for battle thirst —
'He bids me dry the last — the first —
'The only tears that ever burst
'From Outalissi's soul;
'Because I may not stain with grief
'The death-song of an Indian chief.'

NOTES.

PART I.

Stanza 3. l. 6.

From merry mock-bird's song.

The mocking bird is of the form, but larger, than the thrush; and the colours are a mixture of black, white, and grey. What is said of the nightingale, by its greatest admirers, is, what may, with more propriety, apply to this bird, who, in a natural state, sings with very superior taste. Towards evening I have heard one begin softly, reserving its breath to swell certain notes, which, by this means, had a most astonishing effect. A gentleman in London had one of these birds for six years. During the space of a minute he was heard to imitate the wood-lark, chaffinch, blackbird, thrush, and sparrow. In this country (America) I have frequently known the mocking-birds so engaged in this mimicry, that it was with much difficulty I could ever obtain an op-

portunity of hearing their own natural note. Some go so far as to say, that they have neither peculiar notes, nor favourite imitations. This may be denied. Their few natural notes resemble those of the (European) nightingale. Their song, however, has a greater compass and volume than the nightingale, and they have the faculty of varying all intermediate notes in a manner which is truly delightful.—Ashe's Travels in America, vol. ii. p. 73.

Stanza 5. l. 9.

Or distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar.

The Corybrechtan, or Corbrechtan, is a whirlpool on the western coast of Scotland, near the island of Jura, which is heard at a prodigious distance. Its name signifies the whirlpool of the Prince of Denmark; and there is a tradition that a Danish prince once undertook, for a wager, to cast anchor in it. He is said to have used woollen instead of hempen ropes, for greater strength, but perished in the attempt. On the shores of Argyleshire, I have often listened with great delight to the sound of this vortex, at the distance of many leagues. When the weather is calm, and the adjacent sea scarcely heard on these picturesque shores, its sound, which is like the sound of innumerable chariots, creates a magnificent and fine effect.

Stanza 13. l. 4.

Of buskin'd limb and swarthy lineament.

In the Indian tribes there is a great similarity in their colour, stature, &c. They are all, except the Snake Indians, tall in stature, straight, and robust. It is very seldom they are deformed, which has given rise to the supposition that they put to death their deformed children. Their skin is of a copper colour; their eyes large, bright, black, and sparkling, indicative of a subtile and discerning mind: their hair is of the same colour, and prone to be long, seldom or never curled. Their teeth are large and white; I never observed any decayed among them, which makes their breath as sweet as the air they inhale. — Travels through America by Capts. Lewis and Clarke, in 1804-5-6.

Stanza 14. l. 6.

Peace be to thee — my words this belt approve.

The Indians of North America accompany every formal address to strangers, with whom they form or recognize a treaty of amity, with a present of a string, or belt, of wampum. Wampum (says Cadwallader Colden) is made of the large whelk shell, Briccinum, and shaped like long beads: it is the current money of the Indians. — History of the five Indian Nations, page 34. New York edition.

Stanza 14. l. 7.

The paths of peace my steps have hither led.

In relating an interview of Mohawk Indians with the Governor of New York, Colden quotes the following passage as a specimen of their metaphorical manner: "Where shall I seek the chair of peace? Where shall I find it but upon our path? and whither doth our path lead us but unto this house?"

Stanza 15. l. 2.

Our wampum league thy brethren did embrace.

When they solicit the alliance, offensive or defensive, of a whole nation, they send an embassy with a large belt of wampum and a bloody hatchet, inviting them to come and drink the blood of their enemies. The wampum made use of on these and other occasions, before their acquaintance with the Europeans, was nothing but small shells which they picked up by the sea-coasts, and on the banks of the lakes; and now it is nothing but a kind of cylindrical beads, made of shells, white and black, which are esteemed among them as silver and gold are among us. The black they call the most valuable, and both together are their greatest riches and ornaments; these among them answering all the end that money does amongst us. They have the art of stringing, twisting, and interweaving them into their

belts, collars, blankets, and mocazins, &c. in ten thousand different sizes, forms, and figures, so as to be ornaments for every part of dress, and expressive to them of all their important transactions. They dye the wampum of various colours and shades, and mix and dispose them with great ingenuity and order, and so as to be significant among themselves of almost every thing they please; so that by these their words are kept, and their thoughts communicated to one another, as ours are by writing. The belts that pass from one nation to another in all treaties, declarations, and important transactions are very carefully preserved in the cabins of their chiefs, and serve not only as a kind of record or history, but as a public treasure.—Major Rogers's Account of North America.

Stanza 17. l. 5.

As when the evil Manitou.

It is certain the Indians acknowledge one Supreme Being, or Giver of Life, who presides over all things; that is the Great Spirit; and they look up to him as the source of good, from whence no evil can proceed. They also believe in a bad Spirit, to whom they ascribe great power; and suppose that through his power all the evils which befall mankind are inflicted. To him, therefore, they pray in their distresses, begging that he would either avert their

troubles, or moderate them when they are no longer avoidable.

They hold also that there are good Spirits of a lower degree, who have their particular departments, in which they are constantly contributing to the happiness of mortals. These they suppose to preside over all the extraordinary productions of Nature, such as those lakes, rivers, and mountains that are of an uncommon magnitude; and likewise the beasts, birds, fishes, and even vegetables or stones, that exceed the rest of their species in size or singularity. — CLARKE's Travels among the Indians.

The Supreme Spirit of good is called by the Indians Kitchi Manitou; and the Spirit of evil Matchi Manitou.

Stanza 19. l. 2.

Fever balm and sweet sagamité.

The fever balm is a medicine used by these tribes; it is a decoction of a bush called the Fever Tree. Sagamité is a kind of soup administered to their sick.

Stanza 20. l. 1.

And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd with this lorn dove.

The testimony of all travellers among the American Indians who mention their hieroglyphics, authorises me in putting this figurative language in the

mouth of Outalissi. The dove is among them, as elsewhere, an emblem of meekness; and the eagle, that of a bold, noble, and liberal mind. When the Indians speak of a warrior who soars above the multitude in person and endowments, they say, "he is like the eagle who destroys his enemies, and gives protection and abundance to the weak of his own tribe."

Stanza 23. l. 2.

For differently the mute Oneyda took, &c.

They are extremely circumspect and deliberate in every word and action; nothing hurries them into any intemperate wrath, but that inveteracy to their enemies which is rooted in every Indian's breast. In all other instances they are cool and deliberate, taking care to suppress the emotions of the heart. If an Indian has discovered that a friend of his is in danger of being cut off by a lurking enemy, he does not tell him of his danger in direct terms as though he were in fear, but he first coolly asks him which way he is going that day, and having his answer with the same indifference, tells him that he has been informed that a noxious beast lies on the route he is going. This hint proves sufficient, and his friend avoids the danger with as much caution as though every design and motion of his enemy had been pointed out to him.

If an Indian has been engaged for several days in the chase, and by accident continued long without food, when he arrives at the hut of a friend, where he knows that his wants will be immediately supplied, he takes care not to shew the least symptoms of impatience, or betray the extreme hunger that he is tortured with; but on being invited in, sits contentedly down and smokes his pipe with as much composure as if his appetite was cloyed and he was perfectly at ease. He does the same if among strangers. This custom is strictly adhered to by every tribe, as they esteem it a proof of fortitude, and think the reverse would entitle them to the appellation of old women.

If you tell an Indian that his children have greatly signalized themselves against an enemy, have taken many scalps, and brought home many prisoners, he does not appear to feel any strong emotions of pleasure on the occasion; his answer generally is,—they have "done well," and makes but very little enquiry about the matter; on the contrary, if you inform him that his children are slain or taken prisoners, he makes no complaints: he only replies, "It is unfortunate;"—and for some time asks no questions about how it happened.— Lewis and Clarke's Travels.

Stanza 23. l. 2.

His calumet of peace, &c.

Nor is the calumet of less importance or less revered than the wampum in many transactions relative both to peace and war. The bowl of this pipe is made of a kind of soft red stone, which is easily wrought and hollowed out; the stem is of cane, alder, or some kind of light wood, painted with different colours, and decorated with the heads, tails, and feathers of the most beautiful birds. The use of the calumet is to smoke, either tobacco or some bark, leaf, or herb, which they often use instead of it, when they enter into an alliance or any serious occasion or solemn engagements; this being among them the most sacred oath that can be taken, the violation of which is esteemed most infamous, and deserving of severe punishment from Heaven. When they treat of war, the whole pipe and all its ornaments are red: sometimes it is red only on one side, and by the disposition of the feathers, &c. one acquainted with their customs will know at first sight what the nation who presents it intends or desires. Smoking the calumet is also a religious ceremony on some occasions, and in all treaties is considered as a witness between the parties, or rather as an instrument by which they invoke the sun and moon to witness their sincerity, and to be as it were a guarantee of the treaty between them. This custom of the Indians, though to

appearance somewhat ridiculous, is not without its reasons; for as they find that smoking tends to disperse the vapours of the brain, to raise the spirits, and to qualify them for thinking and judging properly, introduced it into their councils, where, after their resolves, the pipe was considered as a seal of their decrees, and as a pledge of their performance thereof, it was sent to those they were consulting, in alliance or treaty with; — so that smoking among them at the same pipe, is equivalent to our drinking together and out of the same cup. — Major Rogers's Account of North America, 1766.

The lighted calumet is also used among them for a purpose still more interesting than the expression of social friendship. The austere manners of the Indians forbid any appearance of gallantry between the sexes in day-time; but at night the young lover goes a calumetting, as his courtship is called. As these people live in a state of equality, and without fear of internal violence or theft in their own tribes, they leave their doors open by night as well as by day. The lover takes advantage of this liberty, lights his calumet, enters the cabin of his mistress, and gently presents it to her. If she extinguishes it, she admits his addresses; but if she suffer it to burn unnoticed, he retires with a disappointed and throbbing heart. — Ashe's Travels.

Stanza 23. l. 6.

Train'd from his tree-rock'd cradle to his bier.

An Indian child, as soon as he is born, is swathed with clothes, or skins; and being laid on its back, is bound down on a piece of thick board, spread over with soft moss. The board is somewhat larger and broader than the child, and bent pieces of wood, like pieces of hoops, are placed over its face to protect it, so that if the machine were suffered to fall, the child probably would not be injured. When the women have any business to transact at home they hang the board on a tree, if there be one at hand, and set them a swinging from side to side, like a pendulum, in order to exercise the children. — WELD, vol. ii. p. 246.

Stanza 23. l. 7.

The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook impassive.

Of the active as well as passive fortitude of the Indian character, the following is an instance related by Adair in his Travels: —

A party of the Senekah Indians came to war against the Katahba, bitter enemies to each other. — In the woods the former discovered a sprightly warrior belonging to the latter, hunting in their usual light dress: on his perceiving them he sprung off for a hollow rock four or five miles distant, as they intercepted him from running homeward. He was

so extremely swift and skilful with the gun, as to kill seven of them in the running fight before they were able to surround and take him. They carried him to their country in sad triumph; but though he had filled them with uncommon grief and shame for the loss of so many of their kindred, yet the love of martial virtue induced them to treat him, during their long journey, with a great deal more civility than if he had acted the part of a coward. The women and children, when they met him at their several towns, beat him and whipped him in as severe a manner as the occasion required, according to their law of justice, and at last he was formally condemned to die by the fiery torture. — It might reasonably be imagined that what he had for some time gone through, by being fed with a scanty hand, a tedious march, lying at night on the bare ground, exposed to the changes of the weather with his arms and legs extended in a pair of rough stocks, and suffering such punishment on his entering into their hostile towns, as a prelude to those sharp torments for which he was destined, would have so impaired his health and affected his imagination as to have sent him to his long sleep, out of the way of any more sufferings. — Probably this would have been the case with the major part of white people under similar circumstances; but I never knew this with any of the Indians: and this cool-headed, brave warrior, did

not deviate from their rough lessons of martial virtue, but acted his part so well as to surprise and sorely vex his numerous enemies:—for when they were taking him, unpinioned, in their wild parade, to the place of torture, which lay near to a river, he suddenly dashed down those who stood in his way, sprung off, and plunged into the water, swimming underneath like an otter, only rising to take breath, till he reached the opposite shore. He now ascended the steep bank, but though he had good reason to be in a hurry, as many of the enemy were in the water, and others running, very like bloodhounds, in pursuit of him, and the bullets flying around him from the time he took to the river, yet his heart did not allow him to leave them abruptly, without taking leave in a formal manner, in return for the extraordinary favors they had done, and intended to do, him.—After slapping a part of his body, in defiance to them (continues the author) he put up the shrill war-whoop, as his last salute, till some more convenient opportunity offered, and darted off in the manner of a beast broke loose from its torturing enemies.—He continued his speed, so as to run by about midnight of the same day as far as his eager pursuers were two days in reaching.—There he rested till he happily discovered five of those Indians who had pursued him:—he lay hid a little way off their camp, till they were sound asleep. Every cir-

cumstance of his situation occurred to him, and inspired him with heroism. — He was naked, torn, and hungry, and his enraged enemies were come up with him; — but there was now every thing to relieve his wants, and a fair opportunity to save his life, and get great honour and sweet revenge by cutting them off. — Resolution, a convenient spot, and sudden surprise, would effect the main object of all his wishes and hopes. He accordingly creeped, took one of their tomahawks, and killed them all on the spot, — clothed himself, took a choice gun, and as much ammunition and provisions as he could well carry in a running march. He set off afresh with a light heart, and did not sleep for several successive nights, only when he reclined, as usual, a little before day, with his back to a tree. As it were by instinct, when he found he was free from the pursuing enemy, he made directly to the very place where he had killed seven of his enemies, and was taken by them for the fiery torture. — He digged them up, burnt their bodies to ashes, and went home in safety with singular triumph. — Other pursuing enemies came, on the evening of the second day, to the camp of their dead people, when the sight gave them a greater shock than they had ever known before. In their chilled war-council they concluded, that as he had done such surprising things in his defence before he was captivated, and since that in his naked condition,

and now was well armed, if they continued the pursuit he would spoil them all, for he surely was an enemy wizard, — and therefore they returned home. — Adair's General Observations on the American Indians, p. 394.

It is surprising, says the same author, to see the long continued speed of the Indians. — Though some of us have often ran the swiftest of them out of sight for about the distance of twelve miles, yet afterwards, without any seeming toil, they would stretch on, leave us out of sight, and outwind any horse. — Ibid. p. 318.

If an Indian were driven out into the extensive woods, with only a knife and a tomahawk, or a small hatchet, it is not to be doubted but he would fatten even where a wolf would starve. — He would soon collect fire by rubbing two dry pieces of wood together, make a bark hut, earthen vessels, and a bow and arrows; then kill wild game, fish, fresh-water tortoises, gather a plentiful variety of vegetables, and live in affluence. — Ibid. p. 410.

Stanza 24. l. 7.

Mocazins is a sort of Indian buskins.

Stanza 25. l. 1.

Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land
Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet.

There is nothing (says Charlevoix) in which these barbarians carry their superstitions farther, than in what regards dreams; but they vary greatly in their manner of explaining themselves on this point. Sometimes it is the reasonable soul which ranges abroad, while the sensitive continues to animate the body. Sometimes it is the familiar genius who gives salutary counsel with respect to what is going to happen. Sometimes it is a visit made by the soul of the object of which he dreams. — But in whatever manner the dream is conceived, it is always looked upon as a thing sacred, and as the most ordinary way in which the gods make known their will to men. Filled with this idea, they cannot conceive how we should pay no regard to them. For the most part they look upon them either as a desire of the soul, inspired by some genius, or an order from him, and in consequence of this principle they hold it a religious duty to obey them. An Indian having dreamt of having a finger cut off, had it really cut off as soon as he awoke, having first prepared himself for this important action by a feast. — Another having dreamt of being a prisoner, and in the hands of his enemies, was much at a loss what to do. He consulted the jugglers, and by their advice caused

himself to be tied to a post, and burnt in several parts of the body. — CHARLEVOIX, Journal of a Voyage to North America.

Stanza 26. l. 5.

The crocodile, the condor of the rock —

The alligator, or American crocodile, when full grown (says Bertram) is a very large and terrible creature, and of prodigious strength, activity, and swiftness in the water. — I have seen them twenty feet in length, and some are supposed to be twenty-two or twenty-three feet in length. Their body is as large as that of a horse, their shape usually resembles that of a lizard, which is flat, or cuneiform, being compressed on each side, and gradually diminishing from the abdomen to the extremity, which, with the whole body, is covered with horny plates, of squamæ, impenetrable when on the body of the live animal, even to a rifle-ball, except about their head, and just behind their fore-legs or arms, where, it is said, they are only vulnerable. The head of a full-grown one is about three feet, and the mouth opens nearly the same length. Their eyes are small in proportion, and seem sunk in the head, by means of the prominency of the brows; the nostrils are large, inflated, and prominent on the top, so that the head on the water resembles, at a distance, a great chunk of wood floating about: only the upper jaw moves,

which they raise almost perpendicular, so as to form a right angle with the lower one. In the fore-part of the upper jaw, on each side, just under the nostrils, are two very large, thick, strong teeth, or tusks, not very sharp, but rather the shape of a cone: these are as white as the finest polished ivory, and are not covered by any skin or lips, but always in sight, which gives the creature a frightful appearance; in the lower jaw are holes opposite to these teeth to receive them; when they clap their jaws together, it causes a surprising noise, like that which is made by forcing a heavy plank with violence upon the ground, and may be heard at a great distance. — But what is yet more surprising to a stranger, is the incredibly loud and terrifying roar which they are capable of making, especially in breeding-time. It most resembles very heavy distant thunder, not only shaking the air and waters, but causing the earth to tremble; and when hundreds are roaring at the same time, you can scarcely be persuaded but that the whole globe is violently and dangerously agitated. — An old champion, who is, perhaps, absolute sovereign of a little lake or lagoon, (when fifty less than himself are obliged to content themselves with swelling and roaring in little coves round about,) darts forth from the reedy coverts, all at once, on the surface of the waters in a right line, at first seemingly as rapid as lightning, but gradually more slowly, until he

arrives at the centre of the lake, where he stops. He now swells himself by drawing in wind and water through his mouth, which causes a loud sonorous rattling in the throat for near a minute; but it is immediately forced out again through his mouth and nostrils with a loud noise, brandishing his tail in the air, and the vapour running from his nostrils like smoke. — At other times, when swoln to an extent ready to burst, his head and tail lifted up, he spins or twirls round on the surface of the water. He acts his part like an Indian chief, when rehearsing his feats of war. — BERTRAM's Travels in North America.

Stanza 27. l. 4.

Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man.

They discover an amazing sagacity, and acquire, with the greatest readiness, any thing that depends upon the attention of the mind. By experience, and an acute observation, they attain many perfections to which Americans are strangers.—For instance, they will cross a forest, or a plain, which is two hundred miles in breadth, so as to reach, with great exactness, the point at which they intend to arrive, keeping, during the whole of that space, in a direct line, without any material deviations; and this they will do with the same ease, let the weather be fair or cloudy. — With equal acuteness they will point to that part of the heavens the sun is in, though it be intercepted

by clouds or fogs. Besides this, they are able to pursue, with incredible facility, the traces of man or beast, either on leaves or grass; and on this account it is with great difficulty they escape discovery. — They are indebted for these talents not only to nature, but to an extraordinary command of the intellectual qualities, which can only be acquired by an unremitted attention, and by long experience. — They are, in general, very happy in a retentive memory. They can recapitulate every particular that has been treated of in council, and remember the exact time when they were held. Their belts of wampum preserve the substance of the treaties they have concluded with the neighbouring tribes for ages back, to which they will appeal and refer with as much perspicuity and readiness as Europeans can to their written records.

The Indians are totally unskilled in geography, as well as all the other sciences, and yet they draw on their birch-bark very exact charts or maps of the countries they are acquainted with. — The latitude and longitude only are wanting to make them tolerably complete.

Their sole knowledge in astronomy consists in being able to point out the polar star, by which they regulate their course when they travel in the night.

They reckon the distance of places not by miles or leagues, but by a day's journey, which, according

to the best calculation I could make, appears to be about twenty English miles. These they also divide into halves and quarters, and will demonstrate them in their maps with great exactness by the hieroglyphics just mentioned, when they regulate in council their war-parties, or their most distant hunting excursions. — LEWIS and CLARKE's Travels.

Some of the French missionaries have supposed that the Indians are guided by instinct, and have pretended that Indian children can find their way through a forest as easily as a person of maturer years; but this is a most absurd notion. It is unquestionably by a close attention to the growth of the trees, and position of the sun, that they find their way. On the northern side of a tree there is generally the most moss; and the bark on that side, in general, differs from that on the opposite one. The branches towards the south are, for the most part, more luxuriant than those on the other sides of trees, and several other distinctions also subsist between the northern and southern sides, conspicuous to Indians, being taught from their infancy to attend to them, which a common observer would, perhaps, never notice. Being accustomed from their infancy likewise to pay great attention to the position of the sun, they learn to make the most accurate allowance for its apparent motion from one part of the heavens to another; and in every part of the

day they will point to the part of the heavens where it is, although the sky be obscured by clouds or mists.

An instance of their dexterity in finding their way through an unknown country came under my observation when I was at Staunton, situated behind the Blue Mountains, Virginia. A number of the Creek nation had arrived at that town on their way to Philadelphia, whither they were going upon some affairs of importance, and had stopped there for the night. In the morning, some circumstance or another, which could not be learned, induced one half of the Indians to set off without their companions, who did not follow until some hours afterwards. When these last were ready to pursue their journey, several of the towns-people mounted their horses to escort them part of the way. They proceeded along the high road for some miles, but, all at once, hastily turning aside into the woods, though there was no path, the Indians advanced confidently forward. The people who accompanied them, surprised at this movement, informed them that they were quitting the road to Philadelphia, and expressed their fear lest they should miss their companions who had gone on before. They answered that they knew better, that the way through the woods was the shortest to Philadelphia, and that they knew very well that their companions had entered the wood at the very

place where they did. Curiosity led some of the horsemen to go on; and to their astonishment, for there was apparently no track, they overtook the other Indians in the thickest part of the wood. But what appeared most singular was, that the route which they took was found, on examining a map, to be as direct for Philadelphia as if they had taken the bearings by a mariner's compass. From others of their nation, who had been at Philadelphia at a former period, they had probably learned the exact direction of that city from their villages, and had never lost sight of it, although they had already travelled three hundred miles through the woods, and had upwards of four hundred miles more to go before they could reach the place of their destination. Of the exactness with which they can find out a strange place to which they have been once directed by their own people, a striking example is furnished, I think, by Mr. Jefferson, in his account of the Indian graves in Virginia. These graves are nothing more than large mounds of earth in the woods, which, on being opened, are found to contain skeletons in an erect posture: the Indian mode of sepulture has been too often described to remain unknown to you. But to come to my story. A party of Indians that were passing on to some of the sea-ports on the Atlantic, just as the Creeks, above mentioned, were going to Philadelphia, were observed, all on a sudden, to quit

the straight road by which they were proceeding, and without asking any questions, to strike through the woods, in a direct line, to one of these graves, which lay at the distance of some miles from the road. Now very near a century must have passed over since the part of Virginia, in which this grave was situated, had been inhabited by Indians, and these Indian travellers, who were to visit it by themselves, had unquestionably never been in that part of the country before: they must have found their way to it simply from the description of its situation, that had been handed down to them by tradition. — WELD's Travels in North America, vol. ii.

PART III.

Stanza 16. l. 4.

The Mammoth comes.

That I am justified in making the Indian chief allude to the mammoth as an emblem of terror and destruction, will be seen by the authority quoted below. Speaking of the mammoth, or big buffalo, Mr. Jefferson states, that a tradition is preserved among the Indians of that animal still existing in the northern parts of America.

" A delegation of warriors from the Delaware tribe having visited the governor of Virginia during the revolution, on matters of business, the governor asked them some questions relative to their country, and, among others, what they knew or had heard of the animal whose bones were found at the Salt-licks, on the Ohio. Their chief speaker immediately put himself into an attitude of oratory, and with a pomp suited to what he conceived the elevation of his subject, informed him, that it was a tradition handed down from their fathers, that in ancient times a herd of these tremendous animals came to the Bick-bone licks, and began an universal destruction of the bear, deer, elk, buffalo, and other animals which had been created for the use of the Indians. That the Great Man above looking down and seeing this, was so enraged, that he seized his lightning, descended on the earth, seated himself on a neighbouring mountain on a rock, of which his seat, and the prints of his feet, are still to be seen, and hurled his bolts among them, till the whole were slaughtered, except the big bull, who, presenting his forehead to the shafts, shook them off as they fell, but missing one, at length it wounded him in the side, whereon, springing round, he bounded over the Ohio, over the Wabash, the Illinois, and finally over the great lakes, where he is living at this day." — JEFFERSON's Notes on Virginia.

Stanza 17. l. 1.

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth.

This Brandt was a warrior of the Mohawk nation, who was engaged to allure by bribes, or to force by threats, many Indian tribes to the expedition against Pennsylvania. His blood, I believe, was not purely Indian, but half German. He disgraced, however, his European descent, by more than savage ferocity. Among many anecdotes which are given of him, the following is extracted from a traveller in America, already quoted. "With a considerable body of his troops he joined the troops under the command of Sir John Johnson. A skirmish took place with a body of American troops; the action was warm, and Brandt was shot by a musket-ball in his heel, but the Americans, in the end, were defeated, and an officer, with sixty men, were taken prisoners. The officer, after having delivered up his sword, had entered into conversation with Sir John Johnson, who commanded the British troops, and they were talking together in the most friendly manner, when Brandt, having stolen slily behind them, laid the American officer low with a blow of his tomahawk. The indignation of Sir John Johnson, as may be readily supposed, was roused by such an act of treachery, and he resented it in the warmest terms. Brandt listened to him unconcernedly, and when he

had finished, told him that he was sorry for his displeasure, but that, indeed, his heel was extremely painful at the moment, and he could not help revenging himself on the only chief of the party that he saw taken. Since he had killed the officer, he added, his heel was much less painful to him than it had been before."—WELD's Travels, vol. ii. p. 297.

Stanza 17. l. 8. and 9.

To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No, not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.

Every one who recollects the specimen of Indian eloquence given in the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to the Governor of Virginia, will perceive that I have attempted to paraphrase its concluding and most striking expression:—"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The similar salutations of the fictitious personage in my story, and the real Indian orator, makes it surely allowable to borrow such an expression; and if it appears, as it cannot but appear, to less advantage than in the original, I beg the reader to reflect how difficult it is to transpose such exquisitely simple words without sacrificing a portion of their effect.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom,

undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance; unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore unarmed, and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the great Kanaway, in which the collected force of the Shawanees, Mingoes, and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian militia. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed, from which so distinguished a chief abstracted himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore: —

"I appeal to any white man if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to eat;

if ever he came cold and hungry, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I have even thought to have lived with you but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature: — this called on me for revenge. — I have fought for it. — I have killed many. — I have fully glutted my vengeance. — For my country I rejoice at the beams of peace; — but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. — Logan never felt fear. — He will not turn on his heel to save his life. — Who is there to mourn for Logan? not one!" — JEFFERSON's Notes on Virginia.

LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD—LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desart flies frantic and far?
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer!
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

WIZARD.

Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!

Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home, in the dark rolling clouds of the north?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havock on high!
Ah! home let him speed, — for the spoiler is nigh.
Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast,
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven,
Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
Whose banners arise on the battlements' height,
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return!
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

LOCHIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled my clan,
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
Clamanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
All plaided and plum'd in their tartan array ——

WIZARD.

—— Lochiel, Lochiel! beware of the day!
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
But man cannot cover what God would reveal;
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.
I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
Rise, rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

'Tis finished. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors:
Culloden is lost, and my country deplores.
But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?
For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,
Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?
Ah no! for a darker departure is near;
The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;
His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel,
Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!
Life flutters convuls'd in his quivering limbs,
And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.
Accurs'd be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,
Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale ——

LOCHIEL.

—— Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale:
For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.

Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in
their gore,
Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,
Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!
And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
Look proudly to Heaven from the death-bed of fame.

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riv'n,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driv'n,
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow,
On Linden's hills of stained snow,
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave!
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

YE

MARINERS OF ENGLAND,

A NAVAL ODE.

I.

Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has brav'd, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave! —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below, —
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceas'd to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceas'd to blow.

GLENARA.

O HEARD ye yon pibrach sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail?
'Tis the chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire, and the people, are call'd to her bier

Glenara came first with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud:
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around:
They march'd all in silence, — they look'd on the ground.

In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar:
'Now here let us place the grey stone of her cairn:
'Why speak ye no word!' — said Glenara the stern.

'And tell me, I charge you! ye clan of my spouse,
'Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows?'
So spake the rude chieftain: — no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding a dagger display'd.

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her shroud,'
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
'And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
'Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

O! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween,
When the shroud was unclos'd, and no lady was seen;

When a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn,
'Twas the youth who had lov'd the fair Ellen of Lorn:

'I dreamt of my lady, I dreamt of her grief,
'I dreamt that her lord was a barbarous chief:
'On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
'Glenara! Glenara! now read me my dream!'

In dust, low the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne,
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn!

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC.

I.

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determin'd hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on. —

II.

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time. —

III.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak,' our captains cried! when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again! again! again!
And the havock did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
Then ceased — and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom. —

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave;
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
'And we conquer but to save:—
'So peace instead of death let us bring;
'But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
'With the crews, at England's feet,
'And make submission meet
'To our King.' —

VI.

Then Denmark blest our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief,
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of fun'ral light
Died away.

VII.

Now joy, old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine cup shines in light;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou:[1]
Soft sigh the winds of heav'n o'er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!—

[1] Captain Riou, justly entitled the gallant and the good, by Lord Nelson, when he wrote home his dispatches.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CHIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound,
Cries, 'Boatman, do not tarry!
'And I'll give thee a silver pound,
'To row us o'er the ferry.'—

'Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,
'This dark and stormy water?'
'O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
'And this Lord Ullin's daughter.—

'And fast before her father's men
'Three days we've fled together,
'For should he find us in the glen,
'My blood would stain the heather.

'His horsemen hard behind us ride;
'Should they our steps discover,
'Then who will cheer my bonny bride
'When they have slain her lover?' —

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,
'I'll go, my chief — I'm ready: —
'It is not for your silver bright;
'But for your winsome lady:

'And by my word! the bonny bird
'In danger shall not tarry;
'So though the waves are raging white,
'I'll row you o'er the ferry.' —

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;[2]
And in the scowl of heav'n each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armed men,
Their trampling sounded nearer. —

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather ;
'I'll meet the raging of the skies,
'But not an angry father.' —

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her, —
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gather'd o'er her. —

[2] The evil spirit of the waters.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore.
His wrath was chang'd to wailing.—

For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water:
'And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
'My daughter!—oh my daughter!'—

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:—
The waters wild went o'er his child,—
And he was left lamenting.

LINES

ON THE

GRAVE OF A SUICIDE.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore,
Unknown, unhonour'd, was the friendless dead
For child to weep, or widow to deplore,
There never came to his unburied head : —
All from his dreary habitation fled.
Nor will the lantern'd fisherman at eve
Launch on that water by the witches' tow'r,
Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave
Round its dark vaults a melancholy bow'r,
For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate!
Whose crime it was, on life's unfinish'd road
To feel the stepdame buffetings of fate,
And render back thy being's heavy load.
Ah! once, perhaps, the social passions glow'd
In thy devoted bosom — and the hand
That smote its kindred heart, might yet be prone
To deeds of mercy. Who may understand
Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown? —
He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

ODE TO WINTER.

When first the fiery-mantled sun
His heavenly race began to run;
Round the earth and ocean blue,
His children four the Seasons flew.
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smil'd with angel grace;
Rosy Summer next advancing,
Rush'd into her sire's embrace:
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles,
On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,
On India's citron-cover'd isles:

More remote and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar,
To hills that prop the polar star,
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side.
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale,
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when adown the ravag'd globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflow'ring nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form:—
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of pow'r to pierce his raven plume,
And crystal-cover'd shield.

O, sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear.
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity.
Archangel! power of desolation!
  Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation,
  Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then sullen Winter hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wand'rer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;—
To shuddering want's unmantled bed,
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend. —

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.

Milder yet thy snowy breezes
  Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
  Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
Oh winds of Winter! list ye there
  To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
  At shrieks and thunders louder than your own.
Alas! ev'n your unhallow'd breath
  May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death, —
  No bounds to human woe.[3]

[3] This ode was written in Germany, at the close of 1800, before the conclusion of hostilities.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night-cloud had low'r'd,
And the centinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpow'r'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas Autumn, — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us, — rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay; —
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

THE TURKISH LADY.

'Twas the hour when rites unholy
Call'd each Paynim voice to pray'r,
And the star that faded slowly
Left to dews the freshen'd air.

Day her sultry fires had wasted,
Calm and sweet the moonlight rose ;
Ev'n a captive spirit tasted
Half oblivion of his woes.

Then 'twas from an Emir's palace
Came an Eastern lady bright:
She, in spite of tyrants jealous,
Saw and lov'd an English knight.

'Tell me, captive, why in anguish
'Foes have dragg'd thee here to dwell,
'Where poor Christians as they languish
'Hear no sound of Sabbath bell?' —

''Twas on Transylvania's Bannat
'When the Crescent shone afar,
'Like a pale disastrous planet
'O'er the purple tide of war. —

'In that day of desolation,
'Lady, I was captive made;
'Bleeding for my Christian nation
'By the walls of high Belgrade.'

'Captive! could the brightest jewel
'From my turban set thee free?'—
'Lady, no!—the gift were cruel,
'Ransom'd, yet if reft of thee.

'Say, fair princess! would it grieve thee
'Christian climes should we behold?'—
'Nay, bold knight! I would not leave thee
'Were thy ransom paid in gold!'

Now in Heaven's blue expansion
Rose the midnight star to view,
When to quit her father's mansion
Thrice she wept, and bade adieu!

'Fly we then, while none discover!
'Tyrant barks, in vain ye ride!'
Soon at Rhodes the British lover
Clasp'd his blooming Eastern bride.

EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill:
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.

Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken!
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace—where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

Yet all its sad recollection suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, — sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion, —
Erin mavournin! — Erin go bragh! [4]

[4] Ireland my darling, — Ireland for ever.

LINES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY IN LONDON, WHEN MET TO COMMEMORATE THE 21ST OF MARCH, THE DAY OF VICTORY IN EGYPT.

PLEDGE to the much-lov'd land that gave us birth!
Invincible romantic Scotia's shore!
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth!
And first, amidst the brave, remember Moore!

And be it deem'd not wrong that name to give,
In festive hours, which prompts the patriot's sigh!
Who would not envy such as Moore to live?
And died he not as heroes wish to die?

Yes, tho' too soon attaining glory's goal,
To us his bright career too short was giv'n;
Yet in a mighty cause his phœnix soul
Rose on the flames of victory to Heav'n!

How oft (if beats in subjugated Spain
One patriot heart) in secret shall it mourn
For him!—How oft on far Corunna's plain
Shall British exiles weep upon his urn!

Peace to the mighty dead!—our bosom thanks
In sprightlier strains the living may inspire!
Joy to the chiefs that lead old Scotia's ranks,
Of Roman garb and more than Roman fire!

Triumphant be the thistle still unfurl'd,
Dear symbol wild! on freedom's hills it grows,
Where Fingal stemm'd the tyrants of the world,
And Roman eagles found unconquer'd foes.

Joy to the band [5] this day on Egypt's coast,
Whose valour tam'd proud France's tricolor,
And wrench'd the banner from her bravest host,
Baptiz'd Invincible in Austria's gore!

Joy for the day on red Vimeira's strand,
When bayonet to bayonet oppos'd,
First of Britannia's host her Highland band
Gave but the death-shot once, and foremost clos'd!

Is there a son of generous England here
Or fervid Erin? — he with us shall join,
To pray that in eternal union dear,
The rose, the shamrock, and the thistle twine!

Types of a race who shall th' invader scorn,
As rocks resist the billows round their shore;
Types of a race who shall to time unborn
Their country leave unconquer'd as of yore!

[5] The 42d regiment.

LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,
I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree:
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of nature, it drew,
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,
But patience shall never depart!
Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again:
To bear is to conquer our fate.

O'CONNOR'S CHILD;

OR, THE

FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

I.

Oh! once the harp of Innisfail [6]
Was strung full high to notes of gladness;
But yet it often told a tale
Of more prevailing sadness.
Sad was the note, and wild its fall,
As winds that moan at night forlorn
Along the isles of Fion-Gall,
When, for O'Connor's child to mourn,

[6] Ireland.

The harper told, how lone, how far
From any mansion's twinkling star,
From any path of social men,
Or voice, but from the fox's den,
The lady in the desert dwelt;
And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt:
Say, why should dwell in place so wild,
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

II.

Sweet lady! she no more inspires
Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power,
As, in the palace of her sires,
She bloom'd a peerless flower.
Gone from her hand and bosom, gone,
The royal broche, the jewell'd ring,
That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,
Like dews on lilies of the spring.
Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne,[7]
Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern,

[7] Kerne, the ancient Irish foot soldiery.

While yet in Leinster unexplor'd,
Her friends survive the English sword;
Why lingers she from Erin's host,
So far on Galway's shipwreck'd coast;
Why wanders she a huntress wild —
O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

III.

And fix'd on empty space, why burn
Her eyes with momentary wildness;
And wherefore do they then return
To more than woman's mildness?
Dishevell'd are her raven locks;
On Connocht Moran's name she calls;
And oft amidst the lonely rocks
She sings sweet madrigals.
Plac'd in the foxglove and the moss,
Behold a parted warrior's cross!
That is the spot where, evermore,
The lady, at her shieling [8] door,

[8] Rude hut, or cabin.

Enjoys that, in communion sweet,
The living and the dead can meet:
For, lo! to love-lorn fantasy,
The hero of her heart is nigh.

IV.

Bright as the bow that spans the storm,
In Erin's yellow vesture clad,
A son of light — a lovely form,
He comes and makes her glad;
Now on the grass-green turf he sits,
His tassell'd horn beside him laid;
Now o'er the hills in chase he flits,
The hunter and the deer a shade!
Sweet mourner! those are shadows vain,
That cross the twilight of her brain;
Yet she will tell you, she is blest,
Of Connocht Moran's tomb possess'd,
More richly than in Aghrim's bow'r,
When bards high prais'd her beauty's pow'r,
And kneeling pages offer'd up
The morat in a golden cup.

V.

'A hero's bride! this desert bow'r,
'It ill befits thy gentle breeding:
'And wherefore dost thou love this flow'r
'To call — "My love lies bleeding?"
'This purple flow'r my tears have nurs'd;
'A hero's blood supplied its bloom:
'I love it, for it was the first
'That grew on Connocht Moran's tomb.
'Oh! hearken, stranger, to my voice!
'This desert mansion is my choice!
'And blest, tho' fatal, be the star
'That led me to its wilds afar:
'For here these pathless mountains free
'Gave shelter to my love and me;
'And ev'ry rock and ev'ry stone
'Bare witness that he was my own.

VI.

'O'Connor's child, I was the bud
'Of Erin's royal tree of glory;
'But woe to them that wrapt in blood
'The tissue of my story!

‘ Still as I clasp my burning brain,
‘ A death-scene rushes on my sight;
‘ It rises o’er and o’er again,
‘ The bloody feud — the fatal night,
‘ When chafing Connocht Moran’s scorn,
‘ They call’d my hero basely born;
‘ And bade him choose a meaner bride
‘ Than from O’Connor’s house of pride.
‘ Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
, Was sung in Tara’s psaltery;[9]
; Witness their Eath’s victorious brand,[10]
‘ And Cathal of the bloody hand;
‘ Glory (they said) and pow’r and honour
‘ Were in the mansion of O’Connor:
‘ But he, my lov’d one, bore in field
‘ A meaner crest upon his shield.

VII.

‘ Ah, brothers! what did it avail,
‘ That fiercely and triumphantly
‘ Ye fought the English of the pale,
‘ And stemm’d De Bourgo’s chivalry?

9 The psalter of Tara was the great national register of the ancient Irish.

10 Vide the note upon the victories of the house of O’Connor.

‘ And what was it to love and me,
‘ That barons by your standard rode;
‘ Or beal-fires[11] for your jubilee,
‘ Upon an hundred mountains glow'd?
‘ What though the lords of tower and dome
‘ From Shannon to the North-sea foam, —
‘ Thought ye your iron hands of pride
‘ Could break the knot that love had tied?
‘ No: — let the eagle change his plume,
‘ The leaf its hue, the flow'r its bloom;
‘ But ties around this heart were spun,
‘ That could not, would not, be undone!

VIII.

‘ At bleating of the wild watch-fold
‘ Thus sang my love — “ Oh, come with me:
‘ Our bark is on the lake, behold
‘ Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.

[11] Fires lighted on May-day on the hill tops by the Irish. Vide the note on Stanza VII.

‘ Come far from Castle-Connor’s clans —
‘ Come with thy belted forestere,
‘ And I, beside the lake of swans,
‘ Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
‘ And build thy hut, and bring thee home
‘ The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
‘ And berries from the wood provide,
‘ And play my clarshech [12] by thy side.
‘ Then come, my love!” — How could I stay?
‘ Our nimble stag-hounds track’d the way,
‘ And I pursued, by moonless skies,
‘ The light of Connocht Moran’s eyes.

IX.

‘ And fast and far, before the star
‘ Of day-spring, rush’d we thro’ the glade,
‘ And saw at dawn the lofty bawn [13]
‘ Of Castle-Connor fade.

[12] The harp.

[13] Ancient fortification.

‘ Sweet was to us the hermitage
‘ Of this unplough’d, untrodden shore;
‘ Like birds all joyous from the cage,
‘ For man’s neglect we lov’d it more.
‘ And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
‘ To search the game with hawk and spear;
‘ While I, his ev’ning food to dress,
‘ Would sing to him in happiness.
‘ But, oh, that midnight of despair!
‘ When I was doom’d to rend my hair:
‘ The night, to me, of shrieking sorrow!
‘ The night, to him, that had no morrow!

X.

‘ When all was hush’d, at even tide,
‘ I heard the baying of their beagle:
‘ Be hush’d! my Connocht Moran cried,
‘ ’Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
‘ Alas! ’twas not the eyrie’s sound;
‘ Their bloody bands had track’d us out;
‘ Up-list’ning starts our couchant hound —
‘ And, hark! again, that nearer shout

'Brings faster on the murderers.
'Spare — spare him — Brazil — Desmond fierce!
'In vain — no voice the adder charms;
'Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms:
'Another's sword has laid him low —
'Another's and another's;
'And every hand that dealt the blow —
'Ah me! it was a brother's!
'Yes, when his moanings died away,
'Their iron hands had dug the clay,
'And o'er his burial turf they trod,
'And I beheld — Oh God! Oh God!
'His life-blood oozing from the sod!

XI.

'Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred,
'Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,
'Nor mass nor ulla-lulla[14] heard,
'Lamenting, sooth his grave.

[14] The Irish lamentation for the dead.

‘ Dragg’d to their hated mansion back,
‘ How long in thraldom’s grasp I lay,
‘ I knew not, for my soul was black,
‘ And knew no change of night or day.
‘ One night of horror round me grew ;
‘ Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
‘ ’Twas but when those grim visages,
‘ The angry brothers of my race,
‘ Glar’d on each eye-ball’s aching throb,
‘ And check’d my bosom’s pow’r to sob,
‘ Or when my heart with pulses drear,
‘ Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

XII.

‘ But Heav’n, at last, my soul’s eclipse
‘ Did with a vision bright inspire :
‘ I woke and felt upon my lips
‘ A prophetess’s fire.
‘ Thrice in the east a war-drum beat,
‘ I heard the Saxon’s trumpet sound,
‘ And rang’d, as to the judgment-seat,
‘ My guilty, trembling brothers round.

‘ Clad in the helm and shield they came;
‘ For now De Bourgo’s sword and flame
‘ Had ravag’d Ulster’s boundaries,
‘ And lighted up the midnight skies.
‘ The standard of O’Connor’s sway
‘ Was in the turret where I lay;
‘ That standard, with so dire a look,
‘ As ghastly shone the moon and pale,
‘ I gave, — that every bosom shook
‘ Beneath its iron mail.

XIII.

‘ And go! (I cried,) the combat seek,
‘ Ye hearts that unappalled bore
‘ The anguish of a sister’s shriek,
‘ Go! — and return no more!
‘ For sooner guilt the ordeal brand
‘ Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
‘ The banner with victorious hand,
‘ Beneath a sister’s curse unroll’d.
‘ O stranger! by my country’s loss!
‘ And by my love! and by the cross

'I swear I never could have spoke
'The curse that sever'd nature's yoke;
'But that a spirit o'er me stood,
'And fir'd me with the wrathful mood;
'And frenzy to my heart was giv'n,
'To speak the malison of heaven.

XIV.

'They would have cross'd themselves, all mute;
'They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
'But at the stamping of my foot,
'Each hand down pow'rless fell!
'And go to Athunree![15] (I cried,)
'High lift the banner of your pride!
'But know that where its sheet unrolls,
'The weight of blood is on your souls!
'Go where the havoc of your kerne
'Shall float as high as mountain fern!
'Men shall no more your mansion know;
'The nettles on your hearth shall grow!

[15] Athunree, the battle fought in 1314, which decided the fate of Ireland.

‘ Dead, as the green oblivious flood
‘ That mantles by your walls, shall be
‘ The glory of O’Connor’s blood !
‘ Away ! away to Athunree !
‘ Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
‘ The raven’s wing shall be your pall !
‘ And not a vassal shall unlace
‘ The vizor from your dying face !

XV.

‘ A bolt that overhung our dome
‘ Suspended till my curse was giv’n,
‘ Soon as it pass’d these lips of foam,
‘ Peal’d in the blood-red heav’n.
‘ Dire was the look that o’er their backs
‘ The angry parting brothers threw :
‘ But now, behold ! like cataracts,
‘ Come down the hills in view
‘ O’Connor’s plumed partizans ;
‘ Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
‘ Were marching to their doom :
‘ A sudden storm their plumage toss’d,
‘ A flash of lightning o’er them cross’d,
‘ And all again was gloom !

XVI.

'Stranger! I fled the home of grief,
'At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
'I found the helmet of my chief,
'His bow still hanging on our wall,
'And took it down, and vow'd to rove
'This desert place a huntress bold;
'Nor would I change my buried love
'For any heart of living mould.
'No! for I am a hero's child;
'I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
'And still my home this mansion make,
'Of all unheeded and unheeding,
'And cherish, for my warrior's sake,
'The flower of love lies bleeding.'

ODE

TO

THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

Soul of the Poet! wheresoe'er,
Reclaim'd from earth, thy genius plume
Her wings of immortality:
Suspend thy harp in happier sphere,
And with thine influence illume
The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly like fiends from secret spell,
Discord and strife, at Burns's name,
Exorcis'd by his memory;
For he was chief of bards that swell
The heart with songs of social flame,
And high delicious revelry.

And Love's own strain to him was giv'n,
To warble all its ecstasies
With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd, —
Love, the surviving gift of Heaven,
The choicest sweet of Paradise,
In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay
To Mary's soul, in Heav'n above,
But pictur'd sees, in fancy strong,
The landscape and the livelong day
That smil'd upon their mutual love —
Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan:
His country's high-soul'd peasantry
What patriot-pride he taught! — how much
To weigh the inborn worth of man!
And rustic life and poverty
Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot *, the muse
Entranc'd, and show'd him all the forms
Of fairy-light and wizard gloom,
(That only gifted Poet views,)
The Genii of the floods and storms,
And martial shades from Glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse
The Swain whom Burns's song inspires?
Beat not his Caledonian veins,
As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs,
With all the spirit of his sires,
And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile tann'd
By many a far and foreign clime,
Bend o'er his homeborn verse, and weep
In memory of his native land,
With love that scorns the lapse of time,
And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

* Burns was born in Clay-cottage, which his father had built with his own hands.

Encamp'd by Indian rivers wild,
The soldier resting on his arms,
In Burns's carol sweet recalls
The scenes that blest him when a child,
And glows and gladdens at the charms
Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls.

O deem not, midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the Poet brings,
Let high Philosophy control
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain-springs,
The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath,
Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall
Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume,
When public grief begins to fade,
And only tears of kindred fall,
Who but the Bard shall dress thy tomb,
And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier — BURNS, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, Oh! could he live,
The friend I mourn'd — the brave, the good —
Edward that died at Waterloo! *

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song!
That couldst alternately impart
Wisdom and rapture in thy page,
And brand each vice with satire strong,
Whose lines are mottoes of the heart,
Whose truths electrify the sage.

* Major Edward Hodge of the 7th Hussars, who fell at the head of his squadron in the attack of the Polish Lancers.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust:
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust

NOTES.

LOCHIEL, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, and descended from ancestors distinguished in their narrow sphere for great personal prowess, was a man worthy of a better cause and fate than that in which he embarked, the enterprise of the Stuarts in 1745. His memory is still fondly cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the "*gentle Lochiel*," for he was famed for his social virtues as much as his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty. His influence was so important among the Highland chiefs, that it depended on his joining with his clan whether the standard of Charles should be raised or not in 1745. Lochiel was himself too wise a man to be blind to the consequences of so hopeless an enterprise, but his sensibility to the point of honour over-ruled his wisdom. Charles appealed to his loyalty, and he could not brook the reproaches of his Prince. When Charles landed at Borrodale,

Lochiel went to meet him, but on his way, called at his brother's house (Cameron of Fassafern), and told him on what errand he was going; adding, however, that he meant to dissuade the Prince from his enterprise. Fassafern advised him in that case to communicate his mind by letter to Charles. "No," said Lochiel, "I think it due to my Prince to give him my reasons in person for refusing to join his standard."— "Brother," replied Fassafern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if the Prince once sets his eyes on you, he will make you do what he pleases." The interview accordingly took place; and Lochiel, with many arguments, but in vain, pressed the Pretender to return to France, and reserve himself and his friends for a more favourable occasion, as he had come, by his own acknowledgment, without arms, or money, or adherents: or, at all events, to remain concealed till his friends should meet and deliberate what was best to be done. Charles, whose mind was wound up to the utmost impatience, paid no regard to this proposal, but answered, "that he was determined to put all to the hazard." "In a few days," said he, "I will erect the royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Great Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, and to win it or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who by my father has often told me he was our firmest friend, may

stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince."—"No," said Lochiel, "I will share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune hath given me any power."

The other chieftains who followed Charles embraced his cause with no better hopes. It engages our sympathy most strongly in their behalf, that no motive, but their fear to be reproached with cowardice or disloyalty, impelled them to the hopeless adventure. Of this we have an example in the interview of Prince Charles with Clanronald, another leading chieftain in the rebel army.

"Charles," says Home, "almost reduced to despair, in his discourse with Boisdale, addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion, and, summing up his arguments for taking arms, conjured them to assist their Prince, their countryman, in his utmost need. Clanronald and his friend, though well inclined to the cause, positively refused, and told him that to take up arms without concert or support was to pull down certain ruin on their own heads. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During this conversation (they were on shipboard) the parties walked backwards and forwards on the deck; a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come off to the

ship to enquire for news, not knowing who was aboard. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales; when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their Prince; his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and turning briskly to him, called out, "Will you assist me?"—"I will, I will," said Ronald; "though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!" Charles, with a profusion of thanks to his champion, said, he wished all the Highlanders were like him. Without farther deliberation, the two Macdonalds declared that they would also join, and use their utmost endeavours to engage their countrymen to take arms."—HOME's Hist. Rebellion, p.40.

Note 1. p. 80. l. 8.

Weep, Albin!

The Gaelic appellation of Scotland, more particularly the Highlands.

Note 2. p. 82. l. 18. and 19.

Lo! anointed by Heav'n with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!

The lines allude to the many hardships of the royal sufferer.

An account of the second sight, in Irish called Taish, is thus given in Martin's Description of the Western Isles of Scotland. "The second sight is a singular faculty of seeing an otherwise invisible object, without any previous means used by the person who sees it for that end. The vision makes such a lively impression upon the seers, that they neither see nor think of any thing else except the vision as long as it continues; and then they appear pensive or jovial according to the object which was represented to them.

"At the sight of a vision the eyelids of the person are erected, and the eyes continue staring until the object vanish. This is obvious to others who are standing by when the persons happen to see a vision; and occurred more than once to my own observation, and to others that were with me.

"There is one in Skie, of whom his acquaintance observed, that when he sees a vision the inner parts of his eyelids turn so far upwards, that, after the object disappears, he must draw them down with his fingers, and sometimes employs others to draw them down, which he finds to be much the easier way.

"This faculty of the second sight does not lineally descend in a family, as some have imagined; for I know several parents who are endowed with it, and their children are not; and *vice versa*. Neither is it acquired by any previous compact. And after strict

enquiry, I could never learn from any among them, that this faculty was communicable to any whatsoever. The seer knows neither the object, time, nor place of a vision before it appears; and the same object is often seen by different persons living at a considerable distance from one another. The true way of judging as to the time and circumstances is by observation; for several persons of judgment who are without this faculty are more capable to judge of the design of a vision than a novice that is a seer. If an object appear in the day or night, it will come to pass sooner or later accordingly.

"If an object is seen early in a morning, which is not frequent, it will be accomplished in a few hours afterwards; if at noon, it will probably be accomplished that very day; if in the evening, perhaps that night; if after candles be lighted, it will be accomplished that night: the latter always an accomplishment by weeks, months, and sometimes years, according to the time of the night the vision is seen.

"When a shroud is seen about one, it is a sure prognostic of death. The time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is not seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, and perhaps some months longer: and as it is frequently seen to ascend higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand within a few days, if not hours, as daily experience

confirms. Examples of this kind were shown me, when the person of whom the observations were then made was in perfect health.

" It is ordinary with them to see houses, gardens, and trees in places void of all these, and this in process of time is wont to be accomplished; as at Mogslot, in the Isle of Skie, where there were but a few sorry low houses thatched with straw; yet in a few years the vision, which appeared often, was accomplished by the building of several good houses in the very spot represented to the seers, and by the planting of orchards there.

" To see a spark of fire is a forerunner of a dead child, to be seen in the arms of those persons; of which there are several instances. To see a seat empty at the time of sitting in it, is a presage of that person's death quickly after it.

" When a novice, or one that has lately obtained the second sight, sees a vision in the night-time without doors, and comes near a fire, he presently falls into a swoon.

" Some find themselves as it were in a crowd of people, having a corpse, which they carry along with them; and after such visions the seers come in sweating, and describe the vision that appeared. If there be any of their acquaintance among them, they give an account of their names, as also of the bearers; but they know nothing concerning the corpse."

Horses and cows (according to the same credulous author) have certainly sometimes the same faculty; and he endeavours to prove it by the signs of fear which the animals exhibit, when second-sighted persons see visions in the same place.

"The seers (he continues) are generally illiterate and well-meaning people, and altogether void of design: nor could I ever learn that any of them ever made the least gain by it; neither is it reputable among them to have that faculty. Besides, the people of the isles are not so credulous as to believe implicitly before the thing predicted is accomplished; but when it is actually accomplished afterwards, it is not in their power to deny it, without offering violence to their own sense and reason. Besides, if the seers were deceivers, can it be reasonable to imagine that all the islanders who have not the second sight should combine together, and offer violence to their understandings and senses, to enforce themselves to believe a lie from age to age. There are several persons among them whose title and education raise them above the suspicion of concurring with an impostor, merely to gratify an illiterate, contemptible set of persons; nor can reasonable persons believe that children, horses, and cows, should be pre-engaged in a combination in favour of the second sight." — MARTIN's Description of the Western Islands of Scotland, p. 3. 11.

NOTES TO O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

Verse 1. l. 1.

Innisfail, the ancient name of Ireland.

Verse 2. l. 9.

Kerne, the plural of Kern, an Irish foot-soldier. In this sense the word is used by Shakspeare. Gainsford, in his Glory's of England, says, "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead *until his head be off*."

Verse 3. l. 12.

Shieling, a rude cabin or hut.

Verse 4. l. 2.

In Erin's yellow vesture clad.

Yellow, dyed from saffron, was the favourite colour of the ancient Irish. When the Irish chieftains came to make terms with Queen Elizabeth's lord-lieutenant, we are told by Sir John Davis, that they came to court in saffron-coloured uniforms.

Verse 4. l. 16.

Morat, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

Verse 6. l. 13. and 14.

Their tribe, they said, their high degree,
Was sung in Tara's psaltery.

The pride of the Irish in ancestry was so great, that one of the O'Neals being told that Barrett of Castlemone had been there only 400 years, he replied, — that he hated the clown as if he had come there but yesterday.

Tara was the place of assemblage and feasting of the petty princes of Ireland. Very splendid and fabulous descriptions are given by the Irish historians of the pomp and luxury of those meetings. The psaltery of Tara was the grand national register of Ireland. The grand epoch of political eminence in the early history of the Irish in the reign of their great and favourite monarch Ollam Fodlah, who reigned, according to Keating, about 950 years before the Christian æra. Under him was instituted the great Fes at Tara, which it is pretended was a triennial convention of the states, or a parliament; the members of which were the Druids, and other learned men, who represented the people in that assembly. Very minute accounts are given by Irish annalists of the magnificence and order of these entertainments; from which, if credible, we might collect the earliest traces of heraldry that occur in history. To preserve order and regularity in the great number and variety of the members who met on such occasions, the Irish historians inform us that when the banquet was ready to be served up, the shield-bearers of the princes, and other members of

the convention, delivered in their shields and targets, which were readily distinguished by the coats of arms emblazoned upon them. These were arranged by the grand marshal and principal herald, and hung upon the walls on the right side of the table; and upon entering the apartments, each member took his seat under his respective shield or target, without the slightest disturbance. The concluding days of the meeting, it is allowed by the Irish antiquarians, were spent in very free excess of conviviality; but the first six, they say, were devoted to the examination and settlement of the annals of the kingdom. These were publicly rehearsed. When they had passed the approbation of the assembly, they were transcribed into the authentic chronicles of the nation, which was called the Register, or Psalter of Tara.

Col. Valency gives a translation of an old Irish fragment, found in Trinity-college, Dublin, in which the palace of the above assembly is thus described as it existed in the reign of Cormac:—

"In the reign of Cormac, the palace of Tara was nine hundred feet square; the diameter of the surrounding rath, seven dice or casts of a dart; it contained one hundred and fifty apartments; one hundred and fifty dormitories, or sleeping-rooms for guards, and sixty men in each: the height was twenty-seven cubits; there were one hundred and fifty common drinking horns, twelve doors, and one thousand guests daily, besides princes, orators, and men of science, engravers of gold and silver, carvers,

modelers, and nobles. The Irish description of the banqueting-hall is thus translated: twelve stalls or divisions in each wing; sixteen attendants on each side, and two to each table; one hundred guests in all."

Verse 7. l. 4.

And stemm'd De Bourgo's chivalry.

The house of O'Connor had a right to boast of their victories over the English. It was a chief of the O'Connor race who gave a check to the English champion, De Courcy, so famous for his personal strength, and for cleaving a helmet at one blow of his sword, in the presence of the kings of France and England, when the French champion declined the combat with him. Though ultimately conquered by the English under De Bourgo, the O'Connors had also humbled the pride of that name on a memorable occasion: viz. when Walter De Bourgo, an ancestor of that De Bourgo who won the battle of Athunree, had become so insolent as to make excessive demands upon the territories of Connaught, and to bid defiance to all the rights and properties reserved by the Irish chiefs, Aeth O'Connor, a near descendant of the famous Cathal, surnamed of the bloody hand, rose against the usurper, and defeated the English so severely, that their general died of chagrin after the battle.

Verse 7. l. 7.

Or Beal fires for your jubilee.

The month of May is to this day called Mi Beal

tiennie, *i. e.* the month of Beal's fire, in the original language of Ireland, and hence I believe the name of the Beltan festival in the Highlands These fires were lighted on the summits of mountains (the Irish antiquaries say) in honour of the sun; and are supposed, by those conjecturing gentlemen, to prove the origin of the Irish from some nation who worshipped Baal or Belus. Many hills in Ireland still retain the name of Cnoc Greine, *i. e.* the hill of the sun; and on all are to be seen the ruins of druidical altars.

Verse 8. l. 12.

And play my clarshech by thy side.

The clarshech, or harp, the principal musical instrument of the Hibernian bards, does not appear to be of Irish origin, nor indigenous to any of the British island. — The Britons undoubtedly were not acquainted with it during the residence of the Romans in their country, as in all their coins, on which musical instruments are represented, we see only the Roman lyre, and not the British teylin, or harp.

Verse 9. l. 3.

And saw at dawn the lofty bawn.

Bawn, from the Teutonic Bawen — to construct and secure with branches of trees, was so called because the primitive Celtic fortification was made by digging a ditch, throwing up a rampart, and on the latter fixing stakes, which were interlaced with boughs of trees. This word is used by Spenser; but it is inaccurately called by Mr. Todd, his anno-

Verse 13. l. 16.

To speak the malison of heaven.

If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her character as too unnaturally stript of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion: I allude to the denunciation of Camilla, in the tragedy of Horace. When Horace, accompanied by a soldier bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, he exclaims:

" O Ciel! qui vit jamais une pareille rage:
Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage,
Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel déshonneur:
Aime, Aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur,
Et préfère du moins au souvenir d'un homme
Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome."

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe;

" Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment!
Rome, à qui vient ton bras d'immoler mon amant!
Rome, qui t'a vu naître et que ton cœur adore!
Rome, enfin, que je haïs, parce qu'elle t'honore!
Puissent tous ses voisins, ensemble conjurés,
Sapper ses fondemens encore mal assurés;
Et, si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie,

Que cent peuples unis, des bouts de l'univers
Passent, pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers;
Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles,
Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles;
Que le courroux du Ciel, allumé par mes vœux,
Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux!
Puissai-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre,
Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en poudre;
Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir,
Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!"

Verse 14. l. 5.

And go to Athunree, I cried —

In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-second a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of which the language exhibits all the strength of despair. — "Ever since the English (say they) first appeared "upon our coasts, they entered our territories under "a certain specious pretence of charity, and exter- "nal hypocritical show of religion, endeavouring at "the same time, by every artifice malice could sug- "gest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without "any other right than that of the strongest; they "have so far succeeded by base fraudulence, and "cunning, that they have forced us to quit our fair "and ample habitations and inheritances, and to "take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the "woods, and the morasses of the country; — nor "even can the caverns and dens protect us against "their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into

" these frightful abodes; endeavouring to dispossess " us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to " themselves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE on " which we can stamp the figure of our feet."

The greatest effort ever made by the ancient Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland.—William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Ulster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main body of the native insurgents, who were headed rather than commanded by Felim O'Connor. — The important battle, which decided the subjection of Ireland, took place on the 10th of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught.—Tradition states that after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

THE END.

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BY

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A POEM.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

LINES ON THE VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S.

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ON POLAND.

TO BE INSERTED IN THE NEW EDITION OF

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ON POLAND.

And have I lived to see thee, sword in hand,
Uprise again, immortal Polish Land!—
Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
And leaves the tri-colour in shade behind;—
A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
That swells my heart beyond the power of song:—
Majestic men, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath;
Whilst, envying bosoms bared to shot and steel,
I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
The half-pitying servile mouths that call you poor!—
Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,
That hates, but dares not chide, the *Imperial Thief*?
France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thrall,
And Germany that has no soul at all,—
States, quailing at the giant overgrown,
Whom dauntless Poland grapples with alone?—
No, ye are rich in fame ev'n whilst ye bleed:
We cannot aid you—*we* are poor indeed!

In Fate's defiance—in the world's great eye,
Poland has won her Immortality!
The Butcher, should he reach her bosom now,
Could tear not Glory's garland from her brow:
Wreathed, filleted, the victim falls renown'd,
And all her ashes would be holy ground!

But turn, my soul, from presages so dark:
Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark

That's fann'd by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's rage :
She, like the eagle, will renew her age,
And fresh historic plumes of Fame put on,—
Another Athens after Marathon,—
Where eloquence shall fulmine, arts refine,
Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.
Come—should the heavenly shock my life destroy
And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy ;—
Come but the day when Poland's fight is won—
And on my grave-stone shine the morrow's sun—
The day that sees Warsâw's cathedral glow
With endless ensigns ravish'd from the foe,—
Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
Her pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
The scutcheon'd walls of high heraldic boast,
The odorous altars' elevated host,
The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms,
The mighty dead seen sculptured o'er their tombs ;
(John, Europe's saviour—Poniatowski's fair
Resemblance—Koskiusko's shall be there ;)

The taper'd pomp—the halleluiah's swell,
Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,
Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene becomes a waking trance.

Should Fate put far—far off that glorious scene,
And gulphs of havoc interpose between,
Imagine not, ye men of every clime,
Who act, or by your sufferance share the crime—
Your brother Abel's blood shall vainly plead
Against the "*deep damnation*" of the deed.
Germans, ye view its horror and disgrace
With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
Is Allemagne profound in science, lore,
And minstrel art?—her shame is but the more
To doze and dream by governments oppress'd,
The spirit of a book-worm in each breast.
Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitutions o'er your wine:

But all your vows to break the tyrant's yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke.
Heavens! can no ray of foresight pierce the leads
And mystic metaphysics of your heads,
To show, the self-same grave, Oppression delves
For Poland's rights, is yawning for yourselves?

See, whilst the Pole, the vanguard aid of France,[1]
Has vaulted on his barb and couch'd the lance,
France turns from her abandon'd friends afresh,
And soothes the Bear that prowls for patriot flesh;—
Buys (ignominious purchase!) short repose,
With dying curses and the groans of those
That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.
Frenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust!—

[1] The fact ought to be universally known, that France is at this moment indebted to Poland for not being invaded by Russia. When the Duke Constantine fled from Warsaw, he left papers behind him, proving that the Russians, after the Parisian events in July, meant to have marched towards Paris, if the Polish insurrection had not prevented them.

Brows laurell'd—bosoms mark'd with many a scar
For France—that wore her Legion's noblest star,
Cast dumb reproaches from the field of Death
On Gallic honor; and this broken faith
Has robb'd you more of Fame—the life of life,—
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife!

And what of England—Is she steep'd so low
In poverty, crest-fall'n, and palsied so,
That we must sit much wroth, but timorous more,
With Murder knocking at our neighbour's door?—
Not Murder mask'd and cloak'd, with hidden knife,
Whose owner owes the gallows life for life;
But *Public Murder!*—that with pomp and gaud,
And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than e'er were wrung
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the diadem'd Assassin's vaunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant

With useless indignation—sigh, and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of fray,
Or trivial rapine stopp'd the world's highway;
Were this some common strife of States embroil'd;—
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoil'd
Might calmly look, and, asking time to breathe,
Still honorably wear her olive wreath:
But this is Darkness combating with Light:
Earth's adverse Principles for empire fight:
Oppression, that has belted half the globe,
Far as his knout could reach or dagger probe,
Holds reeking o'er our brother-freemen slain
That dagger—shakes it at us in disdain;
Talks big to Freedom's states of Poland's thrall,
And, trampling one, contemns them one and all.

My Country! colours not thy once proud brow
At this affront?—Hast thou not fleets enow

With Glory's streamer, lofty as the lark,
Gay fluttering o'er each thunder-bearing bark,
To warm the Insulter's seas with barbarous blood,
And interdict his flag from Ocean's flood?
Ev'n now far off the sea-cliff, where I sing,
I see, my Country and my Patriot King!
Your ensign glad the deep. Becalm'd and slow
A War-ship rides; while Heaven's prismatic bow
Uprisen behind her on the horizon's base,
Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and stays,
And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
My soul accepts the omen; Fancy's eye
Has sometimes a veracious augury:
The Rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight;
The Ship, Britannia's interposing Might!

But if there should be none to aid you, Poles,
Ye 'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,

Above example, pity, praise, or blame,
To sow and reap a boundless field of Fame.
Ask aid no more from Nations that forget
Your championship—old Europe's mighty debt.
Though Poland (Lazarus-like) has burst the gloom,
She rises not a beggar from the tomb.
In Fortune's frown, on Danger's dizziest brink,
Despair and Poland's name must never link.
All ills have bounds—plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood:
Ev'n Power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
States caring not what Freedom's price may be,
May late or soon, but must at last, be free;
For body-killing tyrants cannot kill
The public soul—the hereditary will,
That, downward as from sire to son it goes,
By shifting bosoms more intensely glows:
Its heir-loom is the heart, and slaughter'd men
Fight fiercer in their orphans o'er again.
Poland recasts—though rich in heroes old,—
Her men in more and more heroic mould:

Her eagle-ensign best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle-strength of mind:
Her praise upon my faultering lips expires:—
Resume it, younger bards, and nobler lyres!

ON THE

VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S,

HASTINGS.

ON THE

VIEW FROM ST. LEONARD'S,

HASTINGS.

HAIL to thy face and odours, glorious Sea!
'Twere thanklessness in me to bless thee not,
Great beauteous Being! in whose breath and smile
My heart beats calmer, and my very mind
Inhales salubrious thoughts. How welcomer
Thy murmurs than the murmurs of the world!
Though like the world thou fluctuatest, thy din
To me is peace, thy restlessness repose.

Ev'n gladly I exchange yon spring-green lanes,
With all the darling field-flowers in their prime,
And gardens haunted by the nightingale's
Long trills and gushing ecstasies of song,
For these wild headlands and the sea-mew's clang.

With thee beneath my windows, pleasant Sea!
I long not to o'erlook Earth's fairest glades
And green savannahs: Earth has not a plain
So boundless or so beautiful as thine.
The eagle's vision cannot take it in:
The lightning's wing, too weak to sweep its space,
Sinks half-way o'er it like a wearied bird.
It is the mirror of the stars, where all
Their hosts within the concave firmament,
Gay marching to the music of the spheres,
Can see themselves at once.

Nor on the stage
Of rural landscape are there lights and shades

Of more harmonious dance and play than thine.
How vividly this moment brightens forth,
Between grey parallel and leaden breadths,
A belt of hues that stripes thee many a league,
Flush'd like the rainbow, or the ring-dove's neck,
And giving to the glancing sea-bird's wing
The semblance of a meteor!

Mighty Sea!
Cameleon-like thou changest, but there 's love
In all thy change, and constant sympathy
With yonder Sky—thy Mistress; from her brow
Thou takest thy moods, and wear'st her colours on
Thy faithful bosom; morning's milky white,
Noon's sapphire, or the saffron glow of eve,
And all thy balmier hours, fair Element!
Have such divine complexion—crisped smiles,
Luxuriant heavings, and sweet whisperings,—
That little is the wonder, Love's own Queen
From thee of old was fabled to have sprung—

Creation's common! which no human power
Can parcel or enclose; the lordliest floods
And cataracts, that the tiny hands of man
Can tame, conduct, or bound, are drops of dew
To thee, that couldst subdue the Earth itself,
And brook'st commandment from the heavens alone
For marshalling thy waves.

Yet, potent Sea!
How placidly thy moist lips speak ev'n now
Along yon sparkling shingles! Who can be
So fanciless, as to feel no gratitude
That power and grandeur can be so serene,
Soothing the home-bound navy's peaceful way,
And rocking ev'n the fisher's little bark
As gently as a mother rocks her child?

The inhabitants of other worlds behold
Our orb more lucid for thy spacious share
On earth's rotundity; and is he not

A blind worm in the dust, great Deep!—the man
Who sees not, or who seeing, has no joy
In thy magnificence? What though thou art
Unconscious and material, thou canst reach
The inmost immaterial mind's recess,
And with thy tints and motion stir its chords
To music, like the light on Memnon's lyre!

The Spirit of the Universe in thee
Is visible; thou hast in thee the life—
The eternal, graceful, and majestic life—
Of Nature, and the natural human heart
Is therefore bound to thee with holy love.

Earth has her gorgeous towns; the earth-circling
Sea
Has spires and mansions more amusive still—
Men's volant homes, that measure liquid space
On wheel or wing. The chariot of the land,
With pain'd and panting steeds and clouds of dust,

Has no sight-gladdening motion like these fair
Careerers with the foam beneath their bows,
Whose streaming ensigns charm the waves by day,
Whose carols and whose watch-bells cheer the night,
Moor'd as they cast the shadows of their masts
In long array, or hither flit and yond
Mysteriously with slow and crossing lights,
Like spirits on the darkness of the deep.

There is a magnet-like attraction in
These waters to the imaginative power,
That links the viewless with the visible,
And pictures things unseen. To realms beyond
Yon highway of the world my fancy flies,
When by her tall and triple mast we know
Some noble voyager that has to woo
The trade-winds, and to stem the ecliptic surge.
The coral groves—the shores of conch and pearl,

Where she will cast her anchor, and reflect
Her cabin-window lights on warmer waves,
And under planets brighter than our own:
The nights of palmy isles, that she will see
Lit boundless by the fire-fly—all the smells
Of tropic fruits that will regale her—all
The pomp of nature, and the inspiriting
Varieties of life she has to greet,—
Come swarming o'er the meditative mind.

True, to the dream of Fancy, Ocean has
His darker hints; but where 's the element
That chequers not its usefulness to man
With casual terror? Scathes not Earth sometimes
Her children with Tartarean fires, or shakes
Their shrieking cities, and, with one last clang
Of bells for their own ruin, strews them flat
As riddled ashes—silent as the grave?
Walks not Contagion on the air itself?
I should—old Ocean's Saturnalian days,

And roaring nights of revelry and sport
With wreck and human woe—be loth to sing;
For they are few, and all their ills weigh light
Against his sacred usefulness, that bids
Our pensile globe revolve in purer air.
Here Morn and Eve with blushing thanks receive
Their freshening dews; gay fluttering breezes cool
Their wings to fan the brow of fever'd climes;
And here the Spring dips down her emerald urn
For showers to glad the earth.

Old Ocean was,
Infinity of ages ere we breathed
Existence; and he will be beautiful,
When all the living world that sees him now,
Shall roll unconscious dust around the sun.
Quelling from age to age the vital throb
In human hearts, Death shall not subjugate
The pulse that swells in *his* stupendous breast,
Or interdict his minstrelsy to sound

In thundering concert with the quiring winds :
But long as man to parent Nature owns
Instinctive homage, and in times beyond
The power of thought to reach, bard after bard
Shall sing thy glory, BEATIFIC SEA!

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POEMS,

FROM THE

PORTUGUESE OF LUIS DE CAMOENS.

John Bull Sc.

LUIS DE CAMOENS

Published by James Carpenter & Son May 1824.

POEMS,

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

OF

LUIS DE CAMOENS.

WITH REMARKS ON

HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

NOTES, ETC. ETC.

BY

LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

——Accipies meros amores.——

CATULL.

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REMARKS

ON

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF

CAMOENS.

It has been frequently observed, that the memoirs of literary men are, in general, so devoid of extraordinary incident, that the relation of them is calculated more to instruct than to amuse. The Life of Camoens forms an exception to this remark. Its vicissitudes were so many and so various, as almost to encourage a belief, that in describing them, the deficiencies of fact were sometimes supplied by the pencil of romance.

The late ingenious Translator of the *Lusiad* has portrayed the character, and narrated the misfortunes of our poet, in a manner more honourable to his feelings as a man, than to his accuracy in point of biographical detail. It is with diffidence that the present writer essays to correct his errors; but as the real circumstances of the life of CAMOENS are mostly to be found in his own minor compositions, with which Mr. Mickle was unacquainted, he trusts that certain information will atone for his presumption.

The family of CAMOENS was illustrious, and originally Spanish. They were long settled at *Cadmon*[1], a castle in Galicia, from which they probably derived their patronymic appellation. However, there are some who maintain that their name alluded to a certain wonderful bird[2], whose mischievous sagacity

[1] *Faria y Sousa,* V. del. P. § iii.

[2] The *Camaō.* Our poet himself gives a somewhat different account of the matter. *(Quintil. a huma dama,* v. 190.) Formerly, every well regulated family in Spain

discovered and punished the smallest deviation from conjugal fidelity. A lady of the house of Cadmon, whose conduct had been rather indiscreet, demanded to be tried by this extraordinary judge. Her innocence was proved, and in gratitude to the being who had restored him to matrimonial felicity, the contented husband adopted his name.

In the fourteenth century, a dispute having arisen between the families of Cadmon and De Castera[3], a knight of the former had the misfortune to kill a cavalier belonging to the

retained one of these terrible attendants. The infidelity of its mistress was the only circumstance which could deprive it of life. Should her guilt have been extended to any degree beyond a wish, the faithful bird immediately betrayed it, by expiring at the feet of its injured lord. It soon was difficult to find a *Camaõ* that had lived in the same family during three generations; and at length the species became entirely extinct!

This odious distrust of female honour is ever characteristic of a barbarous age. The *Camaõ* of Spain, and the *Múmbo* of Africa, are expedients indicative of equal refinement.

[3] *Salgado de Araujo.*—Casas de Galicia, p. 304.

latter. A long train of persecution ensued, to escape from which, Ruy de Camoens embraced the cause of King Ferdinand[4], and removed with his family into Portugal, under the protection of that monarch, about the year 1370. His son, Vasco de Camoens, was highly distinguished by royal favour[5], but had the superior honour of being the ancestor of our immortal poet, who descended from him in the fourth generation.

Luis de Camoeñs was born at Lisbon, about the year 1524[6]. His misfortunes began with his birth, for he never saw the smile of a father; Simon Vaz de Camoens having perished by shipwreck in the very year which gave being to his son. Such, at least, is the received opinion, although there be many rea-

[4] *Garcez Ferreyra.*—Vid. do Poet. Edit. Gendron. § iii.

[5] King Ferdinand invested him with the lordships of Portalegre, Alam-quer, &c. *Faria.*

[6] The place of his nativity is ascertained, by his frequent application of the epithet "*paternal*" to the Tagus; the time of it is involved in some obscurity, but an entry in the

sons for calling it into question[7]. Notwithstanding the diminution of wealth, which the family sustained in consequence of this event, the youthful CAMOENS was sent to the university of Coimbra[8], and maintained there by the provident care of his surviving parent.

The ideas associated with the place of our education are generally lasting. It is the peculiarity of poetical minds to recall them with delight, and CAMOENS frequently mentions Coimbra, where he was fostered on the "lap of science," with all the tender gratitude of an affectionate son. During the period which he passed at the university, he was an utter stranger to that passion, with which he afterwards became so intimately acquainted. It is even recorded, that while the manly graces

register of the Portuguese India House appears to determine it. He is there stated to have been twenty-five years old in 1550. *Faria.* Vid. do Poet.

[7] The same register mentions him as one of his son's sureties, and, consequently, living in 1550.

[8] *Faria y Sousa—Severim—Ferreyra.*

of his person inspired many of the better sex with admiration, he treated his fair captives with disdain, or, at most, as the mere objects of temporary transport[9].

But the scene was soon to be changed, and on his arrival at Lisbon, he was destined to feel the full vengeance of that god whose power he had contemned. Love is very nearly allied to devotion, and it was in the exercise of the latter that CAMOENS was introduced to the knowledge of the former. In the Church of "Christ's Wounds," at Lisbon, on the 11th of April, 1542[10], he first beheld Dona Caterina de Ataide, the object of his purest and earliest attachment. The churches of Spain and Portugal, says Scarron, are the very cradles of intrigue[11], and it was not long before CAMOENS enjoyed an opportunity of declar-

[9] Camoens, Canç. II. stanz. vi. Canç. VII. stanz. ii. Son. VII. *Sousa* in loc.

[10] For the reasons which have induced the translator to assign this date, see the note on *Sonnet* I.

[11] Roman Comique; P. I. ch. ix.

ing his affection, with all the romantic ardour of eighteen, and of a poet.

But, in those days, love was a state of no trifling probation, and ladies then unconscionably expected a period of almost chivalrous servitude, which, happily for gentlemen, is no longer required. The punctilious severity of his mistress formed the subject of our poet's most tender complaints; for, though her heart had secretly decided in his favour, still Portuguese delicacy suppressed all avowal of her passion. After many months of adoration, when he humbly besought a ringlet of her hair, she was so far softened by his entreaties, as to make a compromise with prudery, and bestow one of the silken fillets which encircled her head[12]. These anecdotes must not be despised, for they mark the temper of the times.

. . . .

The peculiar situation of Dona Caterina (that of one of the queen's ladies) imposed a

[12] Camoens, Son. XLII. and *Sousa* in loc.

uniform restraint on her lover, which soon became intolerable. Like another Ovid, he violated the sanctity of the royal precincts, and was in consequence banished from the court[13]. With the precise nature of his offence we are unacquainted, but it too probably arose from a breach of discretion, the first and noblest amongst the laws of gallantry[14]. Whatsoever it might have been, it furnished a happy pretext to the lady's relations for terminating an intercourse which worldly considerations rendered, on her part, of the highest imprudence. But LOVE prepared consolation for his votary, where least he expected it. On the morning of his departure, his mistress relented from her wonted severity, and confessed the secret of her long concealed affection[15]. The sighs of grief were soon lost in those of mutual delight, and the hour of parting was, perhaps, the sweetest of our poet's existence. Thus

[13] Camoens, Eleg. III. and *Sousa* in loc.

[14] *Faria y Sousa.* Comment. in Eclog. pag. 240.

[15] Sonnet XXIV. and Comment. in loc.

comforted, he removed to Santarem (the scene of his banishment), but speedily returned to Lisbon, again tasted of transport, was a second time detected, and a second time driven into exile[16]. To such a spirit as CAMOENS, the inactivity of this situation must have proved insupportable; the voice of LOVE whispered a secret reproach, and inspired him with the glorious resolution of conquering the obstacles which fortune had placed between him and felicity. He accordingly sought and obtained permission to accompany King John III[17], in an expedition then concerted against the Moors in Africa. Here, whilst bravely fighting under the commands of a near relation[18], he was deprived of his right eye, by some splinters from the deck of the vessel in which he was stationed.

[16] *Faria y Sousa*, V. del. P. § xiv.

[17] Of this monarch Camoens gives a fine character in one comprehensive line:

"Foy rey, fez tudo quanto a rey se deve."
Son. LIX.

"He was a king—in every act a king."

[18] *Sousa* says, under those of his father. Vida, § xiv.

Many of his most pathetic compositions were written during this campaign, and the toils of a martial life were sweetened by the recollection of her for whom they were endured.

His heroic conduct in many engagements at length purchased his recall to court. He hastened home, fraught with the most tender anticipations, and found—what must have been his feelings? that his mistress was no more [19]!

There can scarcely be conceived a more interesting theme for the visions of romance, than the death of this young and amiable being. The circumstances of her fate are peculiarly favourable to the exercise of conjecture. She loved, she was beloved, yet unfortunate in her attachment, she was torn from the world at the early age of twenty [20]; and we cannot but adorn her grave with some of the wildest flowers which fancy produces. But her lot was enviable, compared to that of her lover.

[19] Comment. in Sonn. XIX. et alibi. [20] Ibid.

The measure of his sorrows was yet imperfect. He had still to encounter the cruel neglect of that nation whose glory his valour had contributed to maintain. The claims of mere merit are too often disregarded, but those which are founded on the gratitude of courts are hopeless indeed! Long years were passed by CAMOENS in unsuccessful application for the reward which his services demanded[1], and in suing for his rights at the feet of men whom he could not but despise. This was a degradation which his high spirit knew not how to endure, and he accordingly bade adieu to Portugal, to seek, under the burning suns of India, that independence which his own country denied[22].

[21] *Joseph de Aquino*, Vid. do Poet, p. 132. edit. 1782.

[22] "*As derradeiras palavras que na nao disse foraõ as de Scipiaõ Africano*, INGRATA PATRIA, NON POSSIDEBIS OSSA MEA!"—"The last words which I uttered on board of the vessel were those of Scipio—'*Ungrateful country! thou shalt not even possess my bones.*'" Such are the expressions of Camoens, in a letter written from India, to a friend at Lisbon. The whole of this composition is interesting and pathetic in the extreme.

There are some who attribute this event to a very different cause, and assert that CAMOENS quitted Lisbon in consequence of a discovered intrigue with the beautiful wife of a Portuguese gentleman[23]. Perhaps this story may not be wholly unfounded. It is improbable that he remained long constant to the memory of a departed mistress, when living beauty was ready to supply her place. His was not a heart that could safely defy temptation, although the barbarous ingenuity of some commentators[24] would make us believe, that all his amours were purely platonic, and that he was ignorant of the passion in every other respect. Happily for himself the case was different, and his works record that he more than once indulged in the little wanderings of amatory frolic[25].

[23] *Mickle.—Life of Camoens.* Unfortunately, Mr. M. does not cite any authority for this supposition.

[24] *Faria,* in Son. X. et al.

[25] Those who are desirous of further information on this subject may obtain a very curious anecdote by consulting *Sousa.* Vid. del. P. § xxxii.

On his arrival in India, we find that CAMOENS contributed, in no small measure, to the success of an expedition against the Pimenta Isles, carried on by the King of Cochin and his allies the Portuguese. His own recital of this affair exhibits all the charming modesty of merit[26]. In the following year (1555) Manuel de Vasconcelos conducted an armament to the Red Sea[27]. Our poet accompanied him, and with the intrepid curiosity of genius, explored the wild regions of Africa by which Mount Felix is surrounded. Here his mind was stored with sketches of scenery, which afterwards formed some of the most finished pictures in his *Lusiad*, and in other compositions[28], to the former of which, on returning to Goa, he devoted his whole attention.

India, at that time, presented a scene of political depravity, which no subsequent period has exceeded. Practices were tolerated,

[26] Eleg. I. [27] Life, by *Ferreyra*, § xiv.

[28] In particular, the IX. Cançam.

which eventually wrought the downfall of the government by whom they were authorized; hordes of hungry adventurers rioted on the spoils of the friendless natives, and the demons of rapacity and avarice were every where exalted into gods. The spirit of CAMOENS rose in revolt against the enormities by which he was surrounded. An opportunity of declaring his disgust at length occurred. The arrival of a new governor at Goa was celebrated by the exhibition of a kind of tournament, in which reeds were employed in place of lances, thence called "*The Sport of the Canes.*" CAMOENS published a satirical account of this affair, in which he described the chief men of Goa, as adorned with allegorical devices, &c. allusive to the character and conduct of each[29]. In consequence of this, he was banished to China by order of Barreto, the governor, against whom the bard's attack had been principally directed.

[29] He likewise wrote some verses entitled "*Disparates na India,*" which severely animadverted on the maladministration of the new governor.

This proceeding of CAMOENS has not escaped reprehension. He has been accused of ingratitude; but how could he be ungrateful who never had a friend? His rashness in provoking the anger of the great has likewise been censured by the cold blooded moderation of worldly men; men to whom truth itself seems a libel, if it offend the dignity of a grandee[30]. Yet, though it be a mournful fact that prudence and genius but rarely accord, is the sacrifice of the former to be regretted, when it makes way for the punishment of vice, by the bold utterance of honest indignation? On this principle, the conduct of our author appears almost free from blame, and, perhaps, he was only culpable in suffering resentment to give too high a colouring to the sketches of truth.

The adventures of CAMOENS in China, the temporary prosperity which he there experienced, and the numerous sorrows and persecutions which he afterwards encountered, have been fully and elegantly detailed by the

[30] Amongst others, Mons. *Du Perron de Castera*, the French translator of the Lusiad.

late ingenious translator of the Lusiad. To his narration the present writer begs to refer, lest he should extend these remarks beyond their proper bounds.

After an absence of sixteen years CAMOENS was compelled to return to Portugal, poor and friendless as when he departed. His immortal Lusiad was now ready for publication, which, however, was delayed, in consequence of the violence with which the plague then raged throughout Lisbon. At length, in the summer of 1572, it was printed[31], and received with all the honour due to such a glorious achievement of genius. It is even asserted that King Sebastian, to whom it was inscribed, rewarded the author with a pension of 375 *reis*[32]. But,

[31] *Faria y Sousa*, Vid. § xxvii.

[32] When Sebastian undertook the Moorish expedition, assured of victory, he brought a poet with him to Africa, to witness his exploits, and to celebrate them in song. The person selected for this office was Diego Bernardes, a man of poor and despicable abilities. Had CAMOENS been really a *protégé* of the monarch, it is much more probable that he would have attended him, whose

"Sword and pen were rivals in renown."

admitting the truth of this very doubtful story, our poet could not have remained long in possession of the royal bounty. Sebastian was speedily hurled from a tottering throne[33], and liberality was a stranger to the soul of his successor. To his eyes the cowl of monkhood seemed a more graceful ornament than the noblest laurels of the muse[34]. Such was the spirit which patronized de Sá[35], and suffered the author of the Lusiad to starve!

The latter years of CAMOENS present a mournful picture not merely of individual calamity, but of national ingratitude. He whose best years had been devoted to the service of

[33] *Faria*, ut supra.

[34] In the preface to the edition of Camoens, printed in 1782, vol. i. p. 59, there is an attempt to vindicate the character of Cardinal Henry from the strictures of Mr. Mickle. But the voice of history cannot be silenced, and history is loud in his condemnation.

[35] *Sousa*. Vid. § xxvii. Francisco de Sá was an author much in favour with cardinal Henry. His Muse was of a theological turn. He wrote orthodox sonnets to St. John, and pious little epigrams on Adam and Eve, &c.

his country, he who had taught her literary fame to rival the proudest efforts of Italy itself, and who seemed born to revive the remembrance of ancient gentility and Lusian heroism, was compelled in age to wander through the streets, a wretched dependant on casual contribution. One friend alone remained to smooth his downward path, and guide his steps to the grave, with gentleness and consolation. It was Antonio, his slave, a native of Java, who had accompanied CAMOENS to Europe, after having rescued him from the waves, when shipwrecked at the mouth of the Mecon. This faithful attendant was wont to seek alms throughout Lisbon, and at night shared the produce of the day with his poor and broken hearted master[36]. Blessed, for ever blessed, be the memory of this amiable Indian! But his friendship was employed in vain: CAMOENS sank beneath the pressure of penury and disease, and died in an almshouse[37] early in the

[36] *Faria y Sousa.* § xxix.

[37] The place of his death is differently mentioned by *Manoel de Faria*. According to that commentator, he died in

year 1579. He was buried in the church of Saint Anne of the Franciscans. Over his grave, Gonçalo Coutinho placed the following inscription[38], which, for comprehensive simplicity, the translator ventures to prefer to almost every production of a similar kind:

HERE LIES LUIS DE CAMOENS:
HE EXCELLED ALL THE POETS OF HIS TIME.
HE LIVED POOR AND MISERABLE;
AND HE DIED SO.
MDLXXIX.

It has been justly observed[39], that the fate of CAMOENS, considered in a political view, bears an intimate connexion with that of his country. The same degradation of national

his own miserable hovel, close to the church in which he was interred.

[38] *Sousa.* Vid. §. Some years afterwards, Don Gonçalves Camera caused a long and pompous epitaph to be engraved on the same tomb. But this posthumous panegyric only added deeper disgrace to the facts recorded in the former description.

[39] *Mickle.* Life of Camoens.

sentiment, which suffered such a man to become a beggar and an outcast, not long afterwards plunged Portugal into the lowest disgrace, and reduced her to the abject state of a conquered province. So true it is, that the decline of public spirit in matters of taste is a certain indication of political decay[40].

The character of CAMOENS may be inferred from his writings. An open and undisguised contempt of every thing base and sordid, whatever were the rank or power of its possessor, formed one of its principal features. We have already seen how much the worldly interest of our poet was injured by this honourable audacity of soul. Those who condemn it must be ignorant that the exercise of this feeling

[40] Of this opinion was Camoens himself. In a letter to Don Francisco de Almeyda, written a few days before his death, he has these prophetic expressions; "*Veran todos que fuy tan aficionado a mi patria, que no solo bolví para morir en ella, mas para morir con ella!*" "The world shall witness how dearly I have loved my country. I have returned, not merely to die in her bosom, but to die with her!" *Sousa.* Vid. § xxv.

produces a more enviable delight than any which fortune can ever bestow. The poor man is not always poor!

But gallantry was the leading trait in the disposition of CAMOENS. His amours were various and successful. Woman was to him as a ministering angel, and for the little joy which he tasted in life, he was indebted to her. The magic of female charms forms his favourite theme, and while he paints the allurements of the sex with the glowing pencil of an enthusiast, he seems transported into that heaven which he describes. Nor did this passion ever desert him; even in his last days, he feelingly regretted the raptures of youth, and lingered with delight on the remembrances of love. A cavalier named Ruy de Camera[41], having called upon our author to finish a poetical version of the seven penitential psalms, raising his head from his miserable pallet, and pointing to his faithful slave, he exclaimed,

[41] *Sousa*. Vid. § xxix.

" Alas, when I was a poet, I was young, and happy, and *blest with the love of ladies,* but now, I am a forlorn deserted wretch:—See—there stands my poor Antonio, vainly supplicating *fourpence* to purchase a little coals—I have them not to give him!" The cavalier, as Sousa quaintly relates, closed his heart and his purse, and quitted the room. Such were the grandees of Portugal.

The genius of CAMOENS was almost universal. Like the great father of English poetry, there is scarcely any species of writing, from the epigram to the epic, which he has not attempted, and, like him, he has succeeded in all. It is not the province of the translator to offer any remarks on the Lusiad. That task has already been ably performed. Of his minor productions, the general characteristic is ease; not the studied carelessness of modern refinement, but the graceful and charming simplicity of a Grecian muse. When he wrote, the Italian model was in fashion, and as CAMOENS was intimately acquainted with

that language, he too frequently sacrificed his better judgment to the vitiated opinion of the public. Hence the extravagant hyperboles and laborious allusions which he has sometimes, though rarely, employed. But his own taste was formed on purer principles. He had studied and admired the poems of Provence[42]. He had wandered through those vast catacombs of buried genius, and treasure rewarded his search. Even the humble knowledge of Provençal literature, which the present writer possesses, has enabled him to discover many passages which the Portuguese poet has rendered his own. But we must be careful not to defraud CAMOENS of the merit of originality. To that character he has, perhaps, a juster claim than any of the moderns, Dante alone excepted. The same remark

[42] "The poetry of the Troubadours passed into Arragon and Catalonia at the time when the kings of the former territory (counts of Barcelona) became by marriage counts of Provence."

Mons. Le Grand, Fabliaux, vol. ii. p. 25.

which Landino applies to that poet may be referred to him[43]. He was the first who wrote with elegance in his native tongue. The language of Rome, and even of Greece, had been refined by antecedent authors, before the appearance of Virgil or of Homer, but CAMOENS was at once the polisher, and in some degree the creator of his own. How deplorable must have been its state, when it naturalized two thousand new words, on the bare authority of a single man[44]! Monsieur Ménage was wont to pique himself on having introduced into French the term "*vénuste;*" yet all his influence could never make it current, nor indeed did it long survive its illustrious fabricator[45].

[43] "Trovò Omero la lingua Greca molto già abbondante, ed elimata da Orfeo, da Museo, &c. &c. trovò Virgilio la Latina esornata e da Ennio, e da Lucrezio, &c. &c. ma inanzi a Dante in lingua Toscana nessuno avea trovato alcuna leggiadria, &c." *Landina.* Comm. in Dant. ed. MCCCCXCI. fol. xiii.

[44] Longueruana, ou Pensées de l'Abbé Dufour, p. 229.

[45] Ibidem.

Our author, like many others, has suffered much from the cruel kindness of editors and commentators. After the first publication of his "*Rimas*," there appeared a number of spurious compositions, which, for some time, were attributed to him. Amongst these was a poem to which notice is due, not on account of its own merit, but from regard to the reputation of CAMOENS. It is called "*The Creation and Composition of Man*," and is a strange medley of anatomy, metaphysics, and school divinity. In subject, and occasionally in execution, it strikingly resembles the *Purple Island* of Phineas Fletcher; and, like it, is a curious example of tortured ingenuity. One instance shall suffice. Man is typified under the symbol of a tower. The mouth is the gateway, and the teeth are described as two and thirty millers, clothed in white, and placed as guards on either side of the porch. His metaphor is more satirically just, when he represents the tongue as a female, old and experienced, whose office was to regulate and assist the efforts of the thirty-two grinders afore

said, all young men of indispensable utility and extraordinary powers.

> *" Duros e rijos, trinta e dous moleiros*
> *" De grande força, e util exercíço!"*

He must possess no little credulity who would attribute such a work to the author of the Lusiad[46].

There is also another poem which bears his name, but is certainly the production of a different hand. The martyrdom of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins forms its subject. But it is not probable that the persevering chastity of these unhappy ladies could ever have found favour in the sight of our amorous bard. It is still less likely that he would have celebrated it in song.

CAMOENS is the reputed author of three comedies, published at different periods after

[46] A Treatise on Surgery was printed in 1551, by Bernardino de Montana. The second part of it is called *" El Sueno,"* or, The Dream, and seems to have been the original from which this singular poem was derived.

his death. The subject of one of them is the amour of Antiochus with his step-mother Stratonice. There are some fine passages to be found in this production; but, in general, the writer seems to have anticipated the taste of modern times, and to have considered comedy and farce as the same. Another is founded on the prolonged adventure of Jupiter and Alcmena. The third, and indisputably the best, relates the romantic loves of a prince of Denmark and a Spanish lady, who, after a due course of tribulation, prove to be first cousins, and are happily united. But notwithstanding the improbability of the design, the execution is good; and, on the whole, this composition bears internal evidence of the hand of CAMOENS.

Something remains to be said of the present translation. It is offered to the world with diffidence, as the favourite amusement of a young mind, which, when obliged to relax from severer studies, preferred literary trifling to total inactivity. The translator begs to ob-

serve, that for the most part, he has closely copied his author, but that where circumstances demanded, he has not hesitated to be

"True to his sense—but truer to his fame."

Literal versions are justly deemed absurd; yet, on the other hand, too great an extension of the Horatian precept, "*Nec verbum verbo,*" has been the bane of many. It has proved to the world of translation what the phrase "liberality of sentiment" has been to that of morals—the worst of errors have originated from both.

Of the *notes* little can be said. He who comments on amatory verses undertakes but a limited office. His utmost effort is the citation of parallel passages, unless he substitute admiration for criticism; a mistake into which, of all others, a translator is most likely to fall.

The present writer has yet to offer his grateful acknowledgments to those whose advice

and experience have aided his labours. It is with pride and pleasure that he enrolls among them the names of *Percy* and of *Hayley*. To the kindness of the latter he is indebted for the assistance of many valuable books, which could not elsewhere be procured; and to the almost fatherly friendship of the learned Bishop of Dromore, his obligations have long been unbounded. It is no small honour to so young a writer, that he should be countenanced by men who, like the good spirits in *Trissino*, sit under the shade of their own laurels, and smile encouragement on those who are labouring up the mountain over which they preside.

POEMS,

ETC.

FROM THE PORTUGUESE

OF

CAMOENS.

POEMS.

CANZON.

"Lembrevos minha tristeza
Que já mais," &c.

CANST thou forget the silent tears
Which I have shed for thee?
And all the pangs, and doubts, and fears,
Which scatter'd o'er my bloom of years
The blights of misery?

I never close my languid eye
Unless to dream of thee;
My every breath is but the sigh,
My every sound the broken cry
Of lasting misery.

O, when in boyhood's happier scene
  I pledg'd my love to thee,
How very little did I ween
My recompense should now have been
  So much of misery!

MADRIGAL.

"Se de dó vestida andais
Por quem já vida no tem," &c.

WHY art thou cloth'd in sad array
For him whose days are done,
Yet dost no sign of grief display
For those, thy lightning glances slay?
Though he thou mournest be but one;
—More than a thousand, they.—

Thou bendest on the lover's pray'r
The tearless eye of scorn;
And while thou dost, with barbarous care,
Th' illusive guise of feeling wear,
Tho' Pity's garb thy breast adorn
—She never enters there!

Bound their witchery once about me;
But their prisoner now is free,
Since on every side I see,
There are fools enough without me!

Prithee, Cupid, hence—desist—
Why should I increase the list?

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

(Spanish.)

" Tiempo! que todo mudas,
El verde manto que," &c.

FLOW'RS are fresh, and bushes green,
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene;
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope that buds in Lover's heart,
Lives not through the scorn of years;
Time makes Love itself depart,
Time and scorn congeal the mind;
Looks unkind
Freeze Affection's warmest tears!

Time shall make the bushes green,
Time dissolve the winter snow,
Winds be soft and skies serene,
Linnets sing their wonted strain,
But again,
Blighted Love shall never blow!

CANZONET.

(VIDE REMARKS ON CAMOENS, PAGE 12.)

"Polo meu apartamento
Se arrazaõ," &c.

I WHISPER'D her my last adieu,
I gave a mournful kiss;
Cold show'rs of sorrow bath'd her eyes,
And her poor heart was torn with sighs;
Yet—strange to tell—'twas then I knew
Most perfect bliss.—

For Love, at other times suppress'd,
Was all betray'd at this—
I saw him weeping in her eyes,
I heard him breathe amongst her sighs,
And ev'ry sob which shook her breast
Thrill'd mine with bliss.

The sight which keen Affection clears,
How can it judge amiss?
To me, it pictur'd hope; and taught
My spirit this consoling thought,
That Love's sun, though it rise in tears,
May set in bliss!

RONDEAU. *(V. N.)*

" Com Amor a rosa,
Que taõ fresca," &c.

JUST like Love is yonder rose,
Heavenly fragrance round it throws,
Yet tears its dewy leaves disclose,
And in the midst of briars it blows,
Just like Love.

Cull'd to bloom upon the breast,
Since rough thorns the stem invest,
They must be gather'd with the rest,
And with it, to the heart be press'd,
Just like Love.

And when rude hands the twin-buds sever,
They die—and they shall blossom never,
—Yet the thorns be sharp as ever,
Just like Love.

STANZAS. *(V. N.)*

"Os bõs vi sempre passar
No mundo," &c.

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumber'd woes;
And he was poor—without a friend—
Press'd by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim, and gay;
His course was Pleasure's placid wave,
His life, a summer's day.—

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And join'd her giddy train—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding pow'r
  Which rightly suffers wrong—
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour—
  But Virtue, late and long!

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

" Estasse a primavera trasladada
Em vossa vista," &c.

SPRING, in gay and frolic hour,
Deck'd my love from many a flow'r;
Bade young hyacinths diffuse
O'er her locks their scented dews;
Placed the violet's darker dyes
In her all imperial eyes;
Made her glowing cheek display
Roses, just their prime attaining;
But reserv'd the buds for staining
Lips, as fresh and firm as they!

Dear one! he whose amorous suit
Fain would turn thy blooms to fruit;
Does he merit thus from thee,
Piercing thorns of cruelty?

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

" Quando o sol encuberto vay mostrando
Ao mundo a luz quieta," &c.

When day has smil'd a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still, and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view,
To Memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly:

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart—and thence be still
Reecho'd faithfully:

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses press'd,
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight,
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last amongst the dropping dew,
I wander'd silently.

MADRIGAL. *(V. N.)*

"Nunca manhaã suave
Estendendo seus rayos," &c.

DEAR is the blush of early light
To him who ploughs the pathless deep,
When winds have rav'd throughout the night,
And roaring tempests banish'd sleep—
Dear is the dawn, which springs at last,
And shows him all his peril past.

Dearer to me the break of day,
Which thus thy bended eye illumes;
And chasing fear and doubt away,
Scatters the night of mental glooms,
And bids my spirit hope at last
A rich reward for peril past!

MADRIGAL. (*V. N.*)

"uẽm se confia em hũs olhos
Nas meninas delles vê," &c.

THE simple youth who trusts the fair,
Or on their plighted truth relies,
Might learn how vain such follies were,
By looking in his lady's eyes,
And catch a hint, if timely wise,
From those dumb children, cradled there!
"Poor fool! thy wayward feats forbear,"
(Those mute advisers seem to say)
"And hence with sighs, and tears, and care,
For thou but fling'st thy heart away,
To make a toy—for babies' play."

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

" Naõ sei quem assella
Vossa fermosura," &c.

THOU hast an eye of tender blue,
And thou hast locks of Daphne's hue,
And cheeks that shame the morning's break,
And lips that might for redness make
Roses seem pale beside them;
But whether soft or sweet as they,
Lady! alas, I cannot say,
For I have never tried them.

Yet, thus created for delight,
Lady! thou art not lovely quite,
For dost thou not this maxim know,
That Prudery is Beauty's foe,

A stain that mars a jewel!
And e'en that woman's angel face
Loses a portion of its grace,
If woman's heart be cruel!

Love is a sweet and blooming boy,
Yet glowing with the blush of joy,
And (still in youth's delicious prime)
Tho' ag'd as patriarchal Time,
The withering god despises:
Lady! wouldst thou for ever be
As fair, and young, and fresh as he—
Do all that love advises!

STANZAS

" Trabalhos descansariaõ
Se para vòs trabalhasse," &c.

YES—labour, love! and toil would please,
Were toil and labour borne for thee;
And Fortune's nursling, lapp'd on ease,
In wealth of heart be poor to me!

Why should I pant for sordid gain?
Or why Ambition's voice believe?
Since, dearest, thou dost not disdain
The only gift I have to give.

Time would with speed of lightning flee,
And every hour a comfort bring,
And days and years, employ'd for thee,
Shake pleasures from their passing wing!

CANZON.

(Spanish.)

" Sepa, quien padece,
Que en la sepoltura," &c.

O WEEP not thus—we both shall know
Ere long a happier doom;
There is a place of rest below,
Where thou and I shall surely go,
And sweetly sleep, releas'd from woe,
Within the tomb.

My cradle was the couch of Care,
And Sorrow rock'd me in it;
Fate seem'd her saddest robe to wear,
On the first day that saw me there,
And darkly shadow'd with despair
My earliest minute.

E'en then the griefs I now possess
As natal boons were given;
And the fair form of Happiness,
Which hover'd round, intent to bless,
Scar'd by the phantoms of distress,
Flew back to heaven!

For I was made in Joy's despite,
And meant for Misery's slave;
And all my hours of brief delight
Fled, like the speedy winds of night,
Which soon shall wheel their sullen flight
Across my grave!

CANZON.

(Spanish.)

"Pues me distes tal herida
Con gaña de darme muerte," &c.

When I am done to death by thee,
And cold thy lover lies;
Turn to me, dear one; turn and see
Thy beauty's sacrifice!

Turn to me, dear—and haply then
Thy looks may life restore;
And teach the heart to beat again,
That beat for thee before!

Turn to me, dear! and should a gem
  On those soft eyelids shine—
Fall, holy balm—fall fast from them
  In showers, and waken mine.—

Turn—and from lips that breathe of May,
  If one kind kiss be given,—
He who in deathly slumber lay
  Slept—but to wake in Heaven!

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

"Os olhos socegados," &c.

LADY! when, with glad surprise,
I meet thy soft and shaded eyes,
Or lost in dreams of love behold
Thy waving locks of darken'd gold,
  Or press the lip, whose dew discloses
  Sweets, that seem the breath of roses,
Lady! I sigh—and with a tear,
Swear earth is heav'n—if thou art near!

But when (the hour of transport o'er)
My soul's delight is seen no more,
Remembering all thy host of charms,
I tremble then with wild alarms;
  And, taught by jealous doubt, discover
  In every gazing youth a lover;
Confessing with a silent tear
That heaven and hell are wondrous near!

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

"Se as penas com que Amor tão mal me trata
Permiterem que eu tanto viva dellas," &c.

SHOULD I but live a little more,
Nor die beneath thy cold disdain,
These eyes shall see thy triumphs o'er,
Shall see the close of Beauty's reign.

For Time's transmuting hand shall turn
Thy locks of gold to "silvery wires;"
Those starry lamps shall cease to burn,
As now, with more than heav'nly fires.

Thy ripen'd cheek no longer wear
The ruddy blooms of rising dawn;
And every tiny dimple there
In wrinkled lines be roughly drawn!

And oh! what show'rs of fruitless woe
Shall fall upon that fatal day—
How wilt thou weep the frequent "NO,"
How mourn occasion past away.

Those vain regrets, and useless sighs,
Shall in my heart no pity move—
I'll deem them but a sacrifice
Due to the shade of buried Love!

STANZAS.

TO NIGHT. *(V. N.)*

"Segreda noite Amiga, a que obedeço,
As rosas," &c.

NIGHT! to thee my vows are paid;
Not that e'er thy quiet shade
Me in bower of dalliance laid,
Bless'd and blessing, covers!
No—for thy friendly veil was made
To shroud successful lovers;
And I, Heaven knows,
Have never yet been one of those
Whose love has prov'd a thornless rose!

But since (as piteous of my pain)
Goddess! when I to thee complain
Of truth despis'd, and hard disdain,
  Thou dost so mutely listen;
For this, around thy solemn fane
    Young buds I strew, that glisten
      With tears of woe
By jealous Tithon made to flow,
From Morning—thine eternal foe!

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

"Arvore! que brando e bello," &c.

THOU pride of the forest! whose dark branches spread
To the sigh of the south-wind their tremulous green,
And the tinge of whose buds is as rich and as red
As the mellowing blushes of maiden eighteen!

O'er thee may the tempest in gentleness blow,
And the lightnings of Summer pass harmlessly by;
For ever thy buds keep their mellowing glow,
Thy branches still wave to the southernly sigh.

Because in thy shade, as I lately reclin'd,
The sweetest of visions arose to my view;
'Twas the swoon of the soul—'twas the transport
of mind—
'Twas the happiest minute that ever I knew.

For this shalt thou still be my favourite tree,—
In the heart of the poet thou never canst fade;
It shall often be warm'd by remembering thee,
And the dream which I dreamt in thy tremu-
lous shade.

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

"Eu cantey já, e agora," &c.

How sprightly were the roundelays
I sang in Love's beginning days;
—Now, alas, I but deplore
Death of all that bless'd before!

Then my heart was in its prime,
('Twas Affection's budding time!)
—It is broken now—and knows
One sense only—sense of woes!

Joy was whilom dash'd with ill,
Yet my songs were cheerful still;
—They were like the captive's strains,
Chanted to the sound of chains!

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

"A minha dôr, e o nome," &c.

Why should I indiscreetly tell
The name my heart has kept so well?
Why to the senseless crowd proclaim
For whom ascends my bosom-flame?

Alas, there are but very few
Who feel as I for ever do—
And hear, with shrinking sense of pain,
Holy words from lips profane!

For she is holy in my sight
As are the seraph forms of light;
And that bless'd name denotes whate'er
Of good there be—or chaste—or fair.

Of her, in time of heaviest woe,
I think, and tears forget to flow;
Of her, in passion's fervid dreams,
And rapture's self the sweeter seems.—

And shall the name, whose magic pow'r
Throws light on every passing hour,
Shall it, a word of usage grown,
By every heartless fool be known?

No—let it, shrin'd within my breast
A little saint, for ever rest,
With pious ardours worship'd there,
Yet never mention'd, but in pray'r!

CANZONET. *(V. N.)*

"A DAMA QUE JURAVA PELOS SEUS OLHOS."

THE LADY WHO SWORE BY HER EYES.

" Quando me quiz enganar
A minha bella perjura," &c.

When the girl of my heart is on perjury bent,
The sweetest of oaths hides the falsest intent,
And Suspicion, abash'd, from her company flies,
When she smiles like an angel—and swears by her eyes.

For in them such magic, she knows, is display'd,
That a tear can convince, and a look can persuade;
And she thinks that I dare not, or cannot, refuse
To believe on their credit whate'er she may choose.

But I've learn'd from the painful experience of
youth,
That vehement oaths never constitute truth;
And I've studied those treacherous eyes, and I
find
They are mutable signs of a mutable mind!

Then, dear one, I'd rather, thrice rather believe
Whate'er you assert, even though to deceive,
Than that you "by your eyes" should so wick-
edly swear,
And sin against heaven—for heaven is there!

PART OF THE THIRD ELEGY.

(V. N.)

" O Sulmonense Ovidio desterrado
Na aspereza," &c.

When that sweet bard, to whose harmonious hand
Love's golden harp in softest warblings sigh'd,
By stars unkind was too severely tried,
And forc'd afar from Rome's parental land
To pace with weary step the Pontic strand;
What a cold rush of recollections came
Across the exile's sad and sinking mind,
When Memory drew the joys he left behind!
Her, who so long had fann'd his chaster flame,
His babes—his home—and all that charm'd before,
And all that bless'd him once,—but ne'er shall bless him more.

Poor banish'd wretch!—he had not pow'rs to bear
The vast unutterable pangs of thought;
But still in woods, and wilds, and caverns sought
A secret covert from the murderer Care;
Now slowly wandering through the midnight air,
In briar'd dell he roams, or pathless grove,
While vainly sings the mellow nightingale,
Unheard by him—although she chant a tale
So like his own—so sad—so full of love—
Clos'd are his ears—and dim his moisten'd eyes,
That view with dull regard the cold and starry skies.

CANZONET.

"Naõ nos engane a riqueza,
Porqu," &c.

SINCE in this dreary vale of tears
No certainty but death appears,
Why should we waste our vernal years
In hoarding useless treasure?

No—let the young and ardent mind
Become the friend of humankind,
And in the generous service find
A source of purer pleasure!

Better to live despis'd and poor
Than Guilt's eternal stings endure;
The future smile of God shall cure
The wound of earthly woes.

Vain world! did we but rightly feel
What ills thy treacherous charms conceal,
How would we long from thee to steal
To Death—and sweet repose!

CANZON. *(V. N.)*

"Vi o moço, e pequenino," &c.

I MET Love wand'ring o'er the wild,
In semblance of a simple child;
I heard his name, and in the sound
So much of sweet persuasion found,
That, piteous of his tears, I press'd
The little darling to my breast,
And watch'd his quiet slumbers there
With all a father's tender care!

From day to day the orphan grew,
And with him my affection too;
Till at the last, around my mind
The winning boy so closely twin'd,
I learnt his baby form to prize,
Like one of those within mine eyes,
And lov'd the young adopted more
Than ever sire did son before;

I had a bank of favourite flow'rs,
Which blossom'd e'en in wintry hours,
Content, the bosom's thornless rose,
And innocence, and heart's repose;
—Love, like a rude and wanton boy,
Broke into my bow'rs of joy,
Tore Content's young roses thence,
Kill'd repose——and innocence!

Ah, wretch! what mischief hast thou done
To him who lov'd thee like a son!
How couldst thou dim the doting eyes
Which did thee like their babies prize?
How break the heart of him who press'd
Thee, cold and weeping, to his breast,
And watch'd thy quiet slumbers there,
With all a father's tender care?

CANZON.

"EL PEQUEÑO SONRISO."

FROM

RIACHUELO.

TO INES DE GUETE.

DEAR Ines, wouldst thou but believe
A heart that knows not to deceive,
(Alas! nor longer free);
That faithful heart should truly tell
The secret charm, the tender spell,
That bound it first to thee.

'Tis not, that cradled in thine eyes
The baby Love for ever lies
On couches dipp'd in dew;
'Tis not because those eyes have won
Their temper'd light from April's sun,
From Heaven their tints of blue!

'Tis not that o'er a bank of snow
Thy parted tresses lightly flow,
In waves of lucid gold;
Nor yet because the hand of grace
Has form'd that dear enchanting face
In beauty's happier mould!

It was not these—but from my soul,
It was a little smile that stole[1]
The cherish'd sweets of rest;
And ever since, from dawn to night
And night to dawn, it haunts my sight,
In dimples gaily dress'd.

[1] This sentiment is very like some beautiful lines of Clement Marot.

Du ris de Madame d' Allebret.

" Elle ha très bien cette gorge d'albastre,
Ce doulx parler, ce clair tainct, ce beaulx yeux,
Mais en effect, ce petit ris follastre
C'est à mon gré ce qui luy sied le mieux."

E'en now by Fancy's eyes are seen
The polish'd rows that break between
Two lips that breathe of May[2];
E'en now—but oh, by Passion taught,
Young Fancy forms too bold a thought
For timorous Love to say!

Yet, Ines—wouldst thou but believe
A heart that knows not to deceive,
(Alas! nor longer free);
'Twould tell thee, thou canst ne'er impart
A smile of thine to soothe a heart
More truly bound to thee!

....
....

[2] Literally, "*De sangre y leche pintados.*" This simile, which in our language would convey any idea but that of beauty, is nevertheless very common in Spanish Poetry. CAMOENS too has frequently adopted it.

SONNETS.

V. N.

SONNET I. *(V. N.)*

" O culto divinal ce celebrava
No templo donde," &c.

SWEETLY was heard the anthem's choral strain,
And myriads bow'd before the sainted shrine,
In solemn reverence to their Sire divine,
Who gave the Lamb for guilty mortals slain;
When in the midst of God's eternal fane,
(Ah, little weening of his fell design!)
Love bore the heart (which since hath ne'er been mine)
To one, who seem'd of heaven's elected train;
For sanctity of place or time were vain,
'Gainst that blind archer's soul-consuming pow'r,
Which scorns, and soars all circumstance above.
Oh, Lady! since I've worn thy gentle chain,
How oft have I deplor'd each wasted hour,
When I was free—and had not learn'd to love!

SONNET II. *(V. N.)*

"O Cisne, quando sente ser chegada
A hora que poem," &c.

WHILE on the margin of his native shores,
In death's cold hour the silver cygnet lies,
Soft melodies of woe, and tuneful sighs,
And lamentations wild, he plaintive pours,
Still charm'd of life—and whilst he yet deplores
The drear, dark night that seals his closing eyes,
In murmur'd grief for lost existence—dies!
So, Lady (thou, whom still my soul adores),
While scarcely ling'ring in a world of pain,
My wearied spirit treads the verge of death—
O Lady, then thy Poet's parting breath
Shall faintly animate his final song,
To tell of broken vows—and cold disdain—
And unrequited love—and cruel wrong!

SONNET III. *(V. N.)*

"Agora toma a espada, agora a pena
Estacio ñosso," &c.

EUSTACE! or when you wield the ponderous spear,
Or mingle in the bard's romantic throng,
To you eternal palms of fame belong!
To Mars alike, and to the Muses dear,
Whether adown the waves of war you steer,
Or sail upon the tranquil streams of song.
O, if awhile, with cadence clear and strong,
My reed might hope to charm your learned ear,
All undebas'd by aught of pastoral sound,
Then, Eustace, would that humble reed proclaim,
How you (for valour as for verse renown'd)
Shall win the warrior's and the poet's praise,
And like a watch-tow'r on the steeps of fame,
Show'r light upon the sons of distant days!

SONNET IV. *(V. N.)*

"No mundo poucos anos e cansados
Vivi, cheos de vil miseria." &c.

SLOWLY and heavily the time has run
Which I have journey'd on this earthly stage;
For, scarcely entering on my prime of age,
Grief mark'd me for her own; ere yonder sun
Had the fifth lustrum of my days begun:
And since, cumpulsive Fate and Fortune's rage
Have led my steps a long, long pilgrimage
In search of lost repose, but finding none!
For that fell star which o'er my cradle hung
Forc'd me from dear ALAMQUER'S rustic charms,
To combat perils strange and dire alarms,
Midst that rough main, whose angry waters roar
Rude Abyssinia's cavern'd cliffs among,
—Far from green Portugal's parental shore!

SONNET V.

(VID. N. AND LIFE OF CAMOENS, PAGE 12.)

"Aquella triste e leda madrugada," &c.

TILL Lovers' tears at parting cease to flow,
Nor sunder'd hearts by strong despair be torn;
So long recorded be that April morn
When gleams of joy were dash'd with show'rs of woe:
Scarce had the purpling east began to glow,
Of mournful men it saw me most forlorn;
Saw those hard pangs, by gentle bosoms borne,
(The hardest sure that gentle bosoms know!)
—But oh, it saw Love's charming secret told
By tears fast dropping from celestial eyes,
By sobs of grief, and by such piteous sighs
As e'en might turn th' infernal caverns cold,
And make the guilty deem their sufferings ease,
Their torments luxury—compar'd to these!

SONNET VI. *(V. N.)*

" Julgame a gente toda por perdido
Vendome taõ entregue a meu cuydado," &c.

My senses lost, misjudging men declare,
And Reason banish'd from her mental throne,
Because I shun the crowd, and dwell alone
In the calm trance of undisturb'd despair,
Tears all my pleasure—all my comfort care!
But I have known, from long experience known
How vain the worship to those idols shown,
Which charm the world, and reign unrivall'd there:
Proud dreams of pow'r, and fortune's gilded glare,
The lights that blaze in tall Ambition's tow'r,
For such, let others waste life's little hour
In toil and weary search—but be it mine,
Lady! to muse of thee—and in my bow'r
Pour to thy praise the soul-impassion'd line!

SONNET VII. *(V. N.)*

" Se quando vos perdi, minha esperança
A memoria perdera juntamente," &c.

When from my heart the hand of Fortune tore
Those smiling hopes that cheer'd mine earlier day,
Would that she too had kindly borne away
The sweetly sad remembrances of yore!
I should not then, as now, in tears deplore
My buried bliss, and comfort's fast decay;
For Love (on whom my vain dependance lay)
Still ling'ring on delights that live no more,
Kills all my peace—whene'er the tyrant sees
My spirit taste a little hour of ease!
Fell star of fate! thou never canst employ
A torment teeming with severer smart.
Than that which memory pours upon the heart,
While clinging round the sepulchre of joy!

SONNET VIII. *(V. N.)*

"Claras agoas e frias do Mondego
Doce repouso," &c.

MONDEGO! thou, whose waters cold and clear
Gird those green banks, where fancy fain would stay,
Fondly to muse on that departed day
When Hope was kind and Friendship seem'd sincere;
—Ere I had purchas'd knowledge with a tear.
—Mondego! though I bend my pilgrim way
To other shores, where other fountains stray,
And other rivers roll their proud career,
Still—nor shall time, nor grief, nor stars severe,
Nor widening distance e'er prevail in aught
To make thee less to this sad bosom dear;
And Memory oft, by old Affection taught,
Shall lightly speed upon the plumes of thought,
To bathe amongst thy waters cold and clear!

SONNET IX. *(V. N.)*

" Quem diz que amor he falso ou enganoso
Ligeyro ingrato," &c.

LIVES there a wretch, who would profanely dare
On Love bestow a tyrant's barbarous name,
And, foe to every soft delight, proclaim
His service, slavery; its wages, care?
For ever may he prove it so, nor e'er
Feel the dear transports of that generous flame;
For him nor maiden smile, nor melting dame
The silent couch of midnight bliss prepare!
For much he wrongs the gentlest, best of pow'rs,
Whose very pangs can charm, and torments please,
Whom long I've known, and in whose angriest hours
Such rapture found, as would I not forego,
No—not forego, for all the dead, cold ease
Which dull Indifference could e'er bestow!

SONNET X. *(V. N.)*

" Dizei, Senhora, da belleza idea
Para fazerdes," &c.

COME, tell me, fairest, from what orient mine
Where undiscover'd lurk the springs of day,
Did thy triumphant tresses steal away
Their sunny tinges, and their hues divine?
What magic makes thine eye so sweetly shine,
Like the clear breaking of a summer's day?
And when did Ocean's rifled cave resign
The pearly wealth thy parted lips betray,
When they are sever'd by seducing smiles?
—Yet hear me, fairest, since, with barbarous care,
Such store of blandishment and dangerous wiles
To thee thy star's propitious genius gave,—
—Warn'd by the self-adorer's fate, beware,
Nor gaze on yonder fount's reflecting wave!

SONNET XI. *(V. N.)*

"Apollo e as nôve musas descantando
Com a dourada lira," &c.

WHAT time the liberal Muses deign'd to show'r
Soft inspirations o'er my golden lyre,
Love, only love, would all my notes inspire,
While thus I sang, within my cottage-bow'r—
"—O blessed be the day, and bless'd the hour,
When first I felt the sweets of young desire;
Bless'd be the eyes that woke my am'rous fire,
And bless'd the heart, so soon that own'd their pow'r!"
Such was of old my cheerful roundelay,
Till time made all the dear delusion flee,
Tore from my heart, not love, but hope away,
And turning all my sunny scenes to night,
Veil'd every prospect from my sick'ning sight,
Save those of greater ills—if greater be!

SONNET XII. *(V. N.)*

" Em flor vós arrancou d'então crescida
Ah Senhor Dom Antonio," &c.

DEAR lost Antonio! whilst I yet deplore
My bosom's friend—and mourn the withering blow
Which laid, in manly flow'r, the warrior low,
Whose valour sham'd the glorious deeds of yore;
E'en while mine eyes their humid tribute pour,
My spirit feels a sad delight, to know
That thou hast but resign'd a world of woe
For one, where pains and griefs shall wound no more;
Tho' torn, alas, from this sublunar sphere,
For ever torn, by War's ungentle hand,
Still, were the Muse but as Affection strong,
My dead Antonio should revive in song,
And, grac'd by Poetry's " melodious tear,"
Live in the memory of a grateful land!

SONNET XIII. *(V. N.)*

" A fermosura desta fresca serra
E a sombra dos verdes castanheiros," &c.

SILENT and cool, now fresh'ning breezes blow
Where groves of chestnut crown yon shadowy steep;
And all around the tears of Evening weep
For closing day, whose vast orb, westering slow,
Flings o'er th' embattled clouds a mellower glow,
While hum of folded herds, and murmuring deep,
And falling rills, such gentle cadence keep,
As e'en might soothe the weary heart of woe;
Yet what to me is eve, what evening airs,
Or falling rills, or ocean's murmuring sound,
While sad and comfortless I seek in vain
Her who in absence turns my joy to cares,
And as I cast my listless glances round,
Makes varied scenery but varied pain!

SONNET XIV. *(V. N.)*

" Senhora minha se a fortuna imiga
Que em minha fim," &c.

My best belov'd!—although unpitying skies
And wrathful fortune sternly thus conspire
To bid thy servant's lingering steps retire
Far from the temper'd gleam of beauty's eyes—
Bound still to thine by Love's eternal ties,
That heart remains, where chaste and warm desire
Yet fondly glows with all its former fire,
And Death's cold touch and wasting time defies—
—Yes—and as urg'd by Fate's commands I go
To farthest regions, and unkindest shores,
Oh there, thy magic name's mysterious charm
Breath'd in a sigh, shall danger's self disarm,
And while the combat raves, or tempest roars,
Lull the loud storm, and soothe the threat'ning foe!

SONNET XV. *(V. N.)*

" Eu cantey já d'amor taõ docemente
Que," &c. &c.

I SANG of love—and in so sweet a strain
That hearts most hard were soften'd at the sound,
And blushing girls, who gaily throng'd around,
Felt their souls tingle with delightful pain—
For quaintly did my chanted songs explain
Those little secrets that in love abound—
Life in a kiss, and death in absence found—
Feign'd anger—slow consent—and coy disdain,
And hardihood, at length with conquest crown'd.
Yet did I not with these rude lips proclaim
From whom my song such sweet instructions drew,
Too weak, alas! to pour the praises due
From youthful gratitude, to grace the name
Of her who kindly taught me all she knew!

SONNET XVIII.

(V. N. AND LIFE OF CAMOENS, PAGE 12).

" Lindo sutil trançado que ficaste," &c.

DEAR band, which once adorn'd my worship'd fair,
Pledge of that better gift I hope to gain,
In just reward of Love's long suffer'd pain;
What mighty transport would my bosom share
Had I but won a tress of that crisp hair,
Whose rich luxuriance late thou didst restrain!
Much though I prize thee, must my heart complain,
Since deem'd not worthy next its pulse to wear
A little portion of that precious gold!
Dear band, my miser soul were griev'd indeed,
That stars severe and wayward fate withhold
Truth's just reward, and long affection's meed,
But that I know 'tis in Love's legends told,
Gifts, small as these, to greatest blessings lead!

SONNET XIX. *(V. N.)*

"Senhor Joaõ Lopez, o meu baixo estado,
Ontem vi posto em," &c.

O Lopez! yesterday the stars were kind,
And on my lowly state so fairly smil'd,
That even thou, though Fortune's favour'd child,
For mine would gladly have thy lot resign'd.
Her form I saw, who chains thy prison'd mind,
Her voice I heard, which musically mild,
While like a spell it every sense beguil'd,
E'en lull'd to peace the rude and restless wind!
—Lopez! that voice such rare persuasion arm'd,
That, in a word, our hearts it better charm'd
Than others could in thrice a thousand more;—
How have I since 'gainst Fortune rav'd and Love,
'Cause that blind boy compels us thus t' adore
Her, whom high fortune rears our hopes above!

SONNET XX. *(V. N.)*

" Os olhos onde o casto Amor ardia
Ledo de se ver," &c.

THOSE charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smil'd the hours away,
Those braids of light that sham'd the beams of day,
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere;
Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
Like snow-banks scatter'd with the blooms of May,
Turn'd to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone—for ever gone—and perish here,
—But not unbath'd by Memory's warmest tear!
—Death! thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flow'r,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was given;
Love saw the deed—and as he linger'd near,
Sigh'd o'er the ruin, and return'd to Heav'n!

STANZAS.

(Spanish.)

"Mi nueva y dulce querela
Es invisible," &c.

WITHIN my bosom's cell I bear
A recent wound—a valued woe;
It lurks unseen and buried there,
No gazing eyes my secret know.

It was, perhaps, too plainly told,
When last I heard the speaking maid;
—The rock untouch'd was hard and cold,
—The stricken flint its fires betray'd!

LUSIAD. CANTO VI.

ESTANCIA XXXVIII.

Em quanto este conselho se fazia,
No fundo aquoso, a leda e lassa frota
Com vento sossegado proseguia
Pelo tranquillo mar, a longa rota:
Era no tempo quando a luz do dia
Do Eoo emisferio está remota
Os do quarto da prima se deitâvam
Para o segundo os outros despertavam.

THE

NIGHT SCENE

IN THE VI. LUSIAD. *(V. N.)*

XXXVIII.

MEANTIME as thus below the murmuring deeps
In solemn council meet the watery train,
Her bold career the wearied navy keeps,
Yet cheer'd by Hope, while o'er the tranquil main,
To silence hush'd, the brooding tempest sleeps:
—'Twas at the hour, when long the solar wain
Had roll'd down Heav'n—and rous'd from warm repose,
Slow at their comrades' call the second watch arose.

XXXIX.

Vencidos vem do sono, e mal despertos
Bocejando a meudo, sa encostavaõ
Pelas antenas, todos mal cubertos
Contra os agudos ares, que assopravaõ;
Os olhos contra seu querer abertos
Mal esfregando, os membros estiravaõ,
Remedios contra o souo buscar querem,
Historias contam, casos mil referem.

XL.

Com que melhor podemos, hum dizia,
Este tempo passar, que he taõ pesado,
Senaõ com algum conto de alegria
Cõm que nos deixe o sono carregado?
Responde Leonardo, que trazia
Pensamentos de firme namorado,
Que contos poderemos ter melhores
Para passar o tempo, que de amores?

XXXIX.

Scarcely awake, against the tapering mast,
Heavy and cold recline the languid crew;
The broad sail, flapping, wards the nightly blast,
Which as across the decks it keenly blew
Through their worn garbs with piercing chillness pass'd; [subdue
And each tir'd limb they stretch, lest sleep
Their lids that long to close, and all devise
By converse short and forc'd, to shun his soft surprise.

XL.

"How can we better these dull hours employ,
"How sleep defy," one watchful youth demands,
"Than by some gay romance, some tale of joy,
"To spur the time that now so stilly stands?"
"Yes," Leonard cries (whom long the archer boy
Had prison'd fast in beauty's gentle bands),
"Yes," Leonard cries, "'twill charm the tedious night [light."
"To tell of venturous loves, and deeds of soft de-

XLI.

Naõ he disse Velloso, cousa justa
Tratar branduras em tanta aspereza,
Que o trabalho do mar que tanto custa
Naõ sofre amores, nem delicadeza;
Antes de guerra fervida e robusta
A nossa historia seja, pois dureza
Nossa vida ha de ser, segundo entendo
Que o trabalho por vir mo está dizendo.

XLII.

Consentem nisto todos & encomendaõ
A Velloso, que conte isto, que aprova;
Contarei, disse sem que me reprendaõ
De contar cousa fabulosa ou nova:
E porque os que me ouvirem daqui aprendaõ
A fazer feitos grandes de alta prova,
Dos nacidos direi na nossa terra,
E estes sejaõ os doze de Inglaterra.

XLI.

"Perish that thought!" the bold Veloso cries;
"Who talks of Love in danger's dire extremes?
"Shall we, while giant perils round us rise,
"Shall we attend to those enerving themes?
"No—rather some tremendous tale devise
"Of war's alarms, for such our state beseems—
"So shall we scorn our present ills, and learn
"To cope those coming toils my prophet eyes discern."

XLII.

He spoke—and all accord—and all exclaim,
"To thee, Veloso, thee, the task is due!"
"None then," he cries, "shall this narration blame
"For slighted truth, or fables told as true;
"Arms I rehearse, and such high feats of fame,
"That all who hear shall glorious deeds pursue,
"Fir'd by the praise their own compatriots gain'd,
"Who erst the tilted fight 'gainst England's Twelve maintain'd.

XLIII.

No tempo que do reyno a redea leve
Joaõ filho de Pedro moderava,
Depois que sossegado e livre o teve,
Do visinho poder que o molestava;
Lá, na grand Inglaterra que de neve
Boreal sempre abunda, semeâva
A fera Erinnis dura, e mâ cizania
Que lustre fosse a nossa Lusitania!
....
....

XLIII.

" When mighty Juan held the regal reins,
" (Great Pedro's son) for gentlest sway renown'd,
" What time he boldly burst those despot chains
" Which proud Castile about his country bound.
" It happ'd in haughty England's cold domains,
" Where Boreal snows for ever clothe the ground,
" Dire feuds arose—and from that distant shore,
" Eternal lights of fame our Lusian warriors bore."

....
....

NOTES.

NOTES.

MADRIGAL. P. 40.

THIS is one of the many poems which CAMOENS originally wrote in Spanish. There are some of his compositions of a more motley description, in which he blends two languages together, and walks, as he expresses it, "with one foot in Portugal and the other in Spain." *Com hum pé a Portugueza, e outro a Castelhana.*

MADRIGAL. P. 41.

Matos, in one of his letters, quotes this little Poem as the production of CAMOENS, and on that authority only it is here inserted.

CANZONET. P. 43

Our poet has managed this trite and common sentiment in his happiest manner. Nothing is more frequent in Provençal poetry than gay and romantic descriptions of Spring, "*wherein eche thynge reneweth, saue onelie the Louer*[1]."

RONDEAU. P. 47.

Perhaps this little Poem, in its present form, has no very just claim to the title which it bears. Like the preceding one, it seems to have been suggested by a hint of *Ausias March*, a Troubadour.

Sweet is love, and sweet is the rose,
Each has a flow'r, and each has a thorn;
Roses die when the cold wind blows,
Love, it is kill'd by lady's scorn!

[1] Surry.

STANZAS. P. 48.

These fine moral lines are remarkable for their extreme simplicity. The third Stanza probably alludes to one of those little transgressions of which our Poet was often guilty, but of which he seldom repented. The commentators suppose that it relates to a negro girl, of whom he was passionately fond. They endeavour to defend the irregularity of his taste, by comparing it to the *penchant* of the wisest of men for the dusky Queen of Sheba.

This negro slave was named Joanna, and to her CAMOENS addressed some pretty verses, beginning,

The captive which Victory gave to my arms
Has prison'd my soul in the chain of her charms;
So I soothe her with gentle good-humour, that she,
In return, may be more than good-humour'd to
me! &c. &c.

CANZONET. P. 50.

A mistress composed of flowers is by no means a rarity in the garden of the Muses. Our own Spenser has quaintly pursued this thought[1].

" Her lippes did smell like unto gilliflowers,
" Her ruddie cheeks like unto roses red;
" Her snowy browes like budded bellamours,
" *Her lovelie een like pinkes but newlie spred;*
" Her goodlie bosome like a strawberrie bed;
" *Her neck like to a bunch of cullambines,*
" Her brest like lillies 'ere their leaves be shed,
" Her nipples like young blossom'd jessamines,"
&c.

It must be confessed that the 4th and 6th lines of this fanciful Sonnet convey strange ideas of the lady's charms.

[1] Sonnet 64: And Shakspeare, Sonnet 99.

CANZON. P. 51.

Imitated from the 34th Sonnet. The Translator humbly presumed, that the graces of this charming little Poem would appear to greater advantage in its present form than in that of a Sonnet.

The creative powers of fancy, during the absence of a mistress, form a favourite subject of Provençal poetry. There is a very comical story somewhere of a fastidious gallant, whose perverted imagination conjured up circumstances, that finally put Love to death.

CAMOENS seems to have taken the hint of this Poem from Petrarch, Sonnet 90.

—Sennuccio i vò che sappi, &c.
Laura mi volve—
Quì tutta umile e quì la vidi altera,
Or aspra, or piana, or dispietata, or pia,
Or vestirsi, &c. &c.

And Petrarch was, perhaps, indebted for the idea to Ovid. Fast. 2. 769.

Carpitur attonitos absentis imagine sensus
Ille: recordanti plura magisque placent:
Sic sedit, sic culta fuit, sic stamina nevit,
Neglectæ collo sic jacuére comæ;

Hos habuit vultus, hæc illi verba fuérunt,
Hic color, hæc facies, hic decor oris erat;
Sic quamvis aberat placitæ præsentia formæ,
Quæ dederat præsens forma manebat amor.

IMITATED.

Strange is the power of thought—oft Memory
To view the maid in visionary dreams, [seems
Or bending o'er the loom with patient care,
Her white neck shaded by descending hair,
Or when her song the lapse of time beguiles,
Or sagely sad, or ripen'd into smiles;
The same that blush, the same that faultless grace,
The same those gay bewitcheries of face;
—Love deems her near—and hangs upon the form,
Which Fancy draws—as wishing and as warm!

MADRIGAL. P. 53.

IMITATED FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE FIFTH ODE.

Boscan, a celebrated Spanish Poet, has a thought somewhat similar.

Como despues del tempestoso dia
La tarde clara suele ser sabrosa,
Y despues de la noche tenebrosa
El resplandor del Sol plazer embia;
Assi en su padecer el alma mia
Con la tarde del bien es tan gozosa, &c.

Sweet is evening's tranquil time,
When the day of storms is done;
Sweet the clear cold hour of prime,
Night just scatter'd by the sun;
—Sweet—but sweeter far to me
The dawn of hope diffus'd by thee!

MADRIGAL. P. 54.

The same term in Portuguese signifies both the pupil of the eye and a child. Hence the turn of this fanciful poem. Numberless and wretched have been the *concetti* to which this unfortunate pun has given birth. In our own language, something of the same kind has been attempted by Dr. Donne:

"So to engraft our handes as yet,
"Was all the meanes to make us one,
"And pictures in our eyes to get
"Was all our propagation."

THE ECSTACY.

Donne's was the age of quaintness, and it is surprising that this idea has not been more ramified and tortured by the English metaphysical poets of that school.

CANZONET. P. 55.

Some of the comment of Faria has been introduced into the translation of this poem, and certain very necessary liberties taken with the original.

"*Thou hast an eye,*" &c. Notwithstanding all that has been said, and all that has been written to disprove the existence of a real and positive standard of beauty, were we to argue from the universality of poetical taste in every age, we should place the essence of female loveliness in the description before us.—Locks of auburn and eyes of blue have ever been dear to the sons of song. The Translator almost ventures to doubt whether these two ideas do not enter into every combination of charms created by the poetical mind. The former are almost constantly accompanied by the advantages of complexion, and by that young freshness which defies the imitation of art. Sterne even considers them as indicative

of moral qualities the most amiable, and asserts that they denote exuberance in all the warmer, and, consequently, in all the better feelings of the human heart. The Translator does not wish to deem this opinion as wholly unfounded. He is, however, aware of the danger to which such a confession exposes him,—but he flies for protection to the temple of

"AUREA VENUS."

CANZONET. P. 62.

This Poem is attributed to CAMOENS on very slight authority. It is certainly a curious specimen of the doggish jealousy too often found in the amours of his country.

"*—that Heaven is wondrous near.*" This sentiment strikingly resembles some lines of *Guillem Aesmer,* an old Provençal Poet.

"*Quant eu li quier merce en genoillos*
"*Ela mi colpa, et mi met ochaisos*

" *E l'aigua m' cur ave'l per mer lo vis*
" *E ela me fai ung regard amoros*
" *Et eu le bais la bucha, e'l's ols am'dos*
" *—Adoncq mi par ung joi de Paradis*[1] *!*"

IMITATED.

When at her feet I long have pray'd,
With pleading eloquence of sighs,
What bliss to hear the melting maid
In lowly murmurs bid me—"Rise."—

How all my bosom-pulses beat
When with a kiss I seal her eyes!
My soul springs forth her soul to meet,
—They meet and mix—in Paradise!

[1] Tyrwhitt's Chaucer. *Gloss.*

CANZON. P. 63.

The shortness of life, says one of our most elegant writers, is equally favourable to the arguments of the voluptuary and of the moralist. Every hard-hearted fair one, from the beginning of time, has been reminded that

"*La Beaulte n'est ung fruict de garde.*"

This Canzon seems to have been suggested by part of the 63d Chant. of *Ausias Márch*, the Provençal Poet.

"*No sabea prou si leixau temps fugir*
"*—Et temps perdut no polt ester cobrat,*" &c.

Did ever yet a moment stay
To please the dallying lover?
And who that lost the lucky day
Could e'er that loss recover? &c. &c.

"*Thy locks of gold,*" &c. So Bembo,

"*Quando le chiome d'or caro e lucente*
"*Saranno argente,*" &c.

The Translator has, in this place, taken a line from Drummond.

"*Those vain regrets,*" &c. Gil Polo, a Spanish Poet, prettily treats this thought in his *Diana*, Lib. ii.

"*Porque toma tal vingança,*
"*De vosotras el amor,*
"*Que entonces os dá dolor*
"*Quando os falta la esperança!*"

Thy pride of charms shall all decay,
And thou shalt then its forfeit pay,
And vainly weep thy former scorn,
Thy thousand lovers' slighted pray'rs,—
And grief shall in thy heart be born,
When love is dead in theirs!

STANZAS TO NIGHT. P. 65.

These Stanzas are the conclusion of an Ode to the Moon, and are the only part of it which is worth the trouble of translation.

"*Young buds I strew,*" &c. The classical offering of flowers to Night seems to have been suggested by B. Tasso. *Rime,* Lib. ii. Can. 3.

"*Notte! che debbo darte*
"*Che cosi intenta, e cheta*
"*Ascolti le mie voci alta e noiose?*
"*Poiche d'altro honorarte*
"*Non posso, prendi lieta*
"*Queste negre viole e queste rose*
"*Dall' umor rugiadose,*" &c.

Night! since thy pensive ear did not disdain
The weeping lover's sadly dittied strain,
Large gifts of gratitude to thee he owes,
Who kindly listen'd to his tale of woes.—

Be generous still—his little all receive,
All that a Poet's humble hands can give;
Young violets that boast celestial blue,
And budding roses, newly dipt in dew!

"*By jealous Tithon,*" &c. The tears of Aurora are frequently mentioned by poets, but it was reserved for Phineas Fletcher to give a natural explication of them—

"Aurora from old Tithon's frostie bed,
"(Cold wintrie wither'd Tithon) earlie creepes,
"Her cheek with grief was pale, with anger red,
"Out of her window close she blushing peepes,
"Her weeping eyes in pearled dew she steepes,
"Casting what sportlesse nights she ever led."

ECLOGUE VII.

(The Prize.)

CANZON. P. 67.

IMITATED FROM THE XXXVI. SON. OF THE SECOND CENTURY.

The tree to which these lines are addressed seems from the description to have been the *Durio.* It is a species of apple-tree, which grows to an immense size, and to the fruit of which that quality is attributed which the ancients formerly assigned to the *Lotos.* (Sousa.)

"*As the mellowing blushes,*" &c. The luxuriance of female charms furnishes our Poet with some of his happiest allusions. In particular, that most celebrated simile in the 9th Lusiad:

"*Os fermosos limões, alli cheirando*
"*Estaõ virgineas tetas imitando.*"

Here balmy citrons scent the whisp'ring grove,
Round as the virgin's rising breasts of love.

CANZONET. P. 69.

So Petrarch, Sonn. 194.

" *Cantai—or piango, e non men di dolcezza*
" *Del pianger prendo, che del canto presi,*" &c.

Gay were my songs—now tears will only flow,
And all my bliss is centred but in woe!

" ———*Like the captive's strains*
" *Chanted to the sound of chains!*"

Imitated from Tibullus, Eleg. vii. b. 2.

" *Spes etiam validâ solatur compede vinctum,*
" *Crura sonant ferro, sed canit inter opus:*"

For Hope can soothe the wearied prisoner's pains,
And turn to melody the clank of chains;
Consol'd by her, while harsh the fetter rings,
He thinks of happier days, and gaily sings.

CANZON. P. 70.

The chaste discretion of delicate love is admirably portrayed in this little Poem. Happy for our Author had he always obeyed its dictates!

CANZONET. P. 72.

"*The Lady who swore by her eyes.*" Such asseverations were not unusual in the days of chivalry. They are frequently mentioned in the Tales of the Troubadours. In the *Lai of Courtoys* there is a particular instance. "*Estant cousches "en lict, la belle dame li faict sermen, e dict, par "ma fleor, dict elle, e* PAR CILS YEULX *qi tant "estimes,*" &c. The modest reader must not expect the remainder of this strange adjuration, which is a continued medley of pious phrases and sentiments by no means analagous.

ELEGY. P. 74.

The Elegy from which these lines are taken was probably written by CAMOENS at Santarem, whither he had been banished. The circumstances of his exile and the cause of it produced a natural comparison between his fate and that of Ovid.

> "*Her who so long,*" &c.
> "*His babes,*" &c.

In the third Epistle from Pontus, Ovid thus unfashionably laments the absence of his wife:

"*Utque sit exiguum pœnæ, quòd conjuge charâ*
"*Quòd careo patriâ, pignoribusque meis.*"

Tis mine to mourn the cherish'd joys of life;
Mourn for my distant country—children—wife.

CANZON. P. 78.

Among the numerous imitations of Anacreon's Wandering Cupid, there is none in which the playful character of boyhood has been so well preserved as it is in this little Poem. The destruction of the flowers is an act of mere childish mischief, which admirably accords with "the young adopted's age.

"*His baby form,*"—

"*Like one of those within mine eyes.*" CAMOENS is passionately fond of this allusion. It has been fancifully pursued by one of the most original of our modern Poets[1].

[1] Little's Poems, p. 26.

SONNETS. P. 83.

Amongst other reasons why the legitimate Italian Sonnet be not suitable to the genius of the English language, the following is not the least forcible. In those languages which are more immediately formed on the Latin, there is a frequent similarity of termination, which greatly facilitates the use of rhyme. Accordingly, the Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese languages (which originate from that source) have adopted the licence of polysyllabic rhyme, and with it the Sonnet. The former was a liberty which they could scarcely have avoided, but which has never been sanctioned by the "*Musæ severiores*" of England. To us, therefore, the mechanical arrangement of a Sonnet becomes a matter of peculiar difficulty.

Some of the Spanish poets have laid down a collection of rules for the construction of Sonnets, so pompous and so particular that it seems as if they considered that species of composition as the

sublimest effort of human ingenuity. In all the oracular obscurity of Portuguese metaphor we are told, that a Sonnet should "be opened with a key of silver, and closed with one of gold!" *Que ha o Soneto de abrirse com chave de prata, e fecharse com chave de ouro*[1].

SONNET I. P. 85.

Love delights to recall the circumstances of its earlier existênce; and to CAMOENS those earlier remembrances were certainly the pleasantest.

"*When in the midst,*" &c. This event, from the internal evidence of other Poems, appears to have taken place on Holy Thursday, 1542, in that church at Lisbon which is dedicated to the "*Wounds of Christ.*" If we compute according to the calendar then in use, we shall be able to ascertain the exact day on which our Poet's passion commenced. He tells us in the 7th Canzon, that it began "when the sun was entering Taurus."

[1] Trat. da Vers. Portug. Em Lisboa, 1781. 12mo.

Before the Gregorian alteration, that ingress was settled to be on the 10th of April. Holy Thursday, in the year 1542, happened on the 11th of April. There is a class of readers to whom the omission of this point would have appeared unpardonable, and for their instruction the Translator has investigated it.

" —each wasted hour—"
" When I was free," &c.

Faria says that CAMOENS was indebted for this idea to *Silvestre*, a Spanish Poet.

" Tan preciosa es mi prision,
" Soy tan bien aprisionado,
" Que pido reconvencion,
" Del tiempo que no lo he estado!"

VISIT OF LOVE.

So delightful my prison had grown,
So charming the fetters I bore,
That my bosom regretted alone
—It had not been captur'd before!

SONNET II. P. 86.

The Sonnets formed on this idea, both previous and subsequent to that of CAMOENS, are almost innumerable. It is probable that our Poet founded his on some lines in *Garcilasso.*

" *Entonces como quando el Cisne siente*
" *El ansia postrimera que le aquexa*
" *Y tienta el cuerpo misero y doliente*
" *Con triste e lamentable son se quexa*
" *Y se despide con funesto canto*
" *Del espirtù vital que del se alexa;*
" *Assi aquexado yo de dolor tanto*
" *Que el alma abandonava yá la humana*
" *Carne, solté la rienda al triste llanto.*"

ECLOG. II.

IMITATED.

As pours the swan his melancholy strains,
While death-pangs shudder thro' his freezing veins,

Just as existence wings her parting flight,
And heart grows chill, and eyes are steep'd in night,
He mourns for life, in lapses sad but strong,
And his last accents falter into song.

So when I leave this dreary vale of woe,
And love and grief have brought my spirit low,
For thee, most fair—most lov'd—thee, most severe,
For thee thy bard shall weep his latest tear,
And faintly utter with his failing breath,
" 'Tis parting makes the bitterness of death!"

" *And unrequited love and cruel wrong.*" The original concludes with a line of pure Spanish, taken from *Boscan.*

" *La vuestra falsa fé, y el amor mio.*"

Such combinations of language are not unusual among the Poets of Italy, Portugal, and Spain. The following curious medley is found in a Canzon of the immortal DANTE.

" *Chanson! vos pognez ir par tot le mond,*
" *Namque locutus sum in linguá triná,*
" *Ut gravis mea spina,*
" *Si faccia per lo mondo ogn' uomo il senta*
" *Forse pietá n'havra chi me tormenta,*" &c.

Our own Chaucer has likewise indulged in this practice,

" *O pulchrior Sole* in beautie, & full ylucidente!"
IX. LADIES' WORTHIE.

SONNET III. P. 87.

This fine Sonnet is addressed to *Estacio de Faria*, grandfather to the Commentator on CAMOENS, who says of him, that, "*if not great in all things, he was little in none.*"

"*And like a watch-tower.*" The original contains a pun on the words *Farò* and *Faria*.

SONNET IV. P. 88.

The touching melancholy of many of those compositions in which CAMOENS complains of his sorrows, becomes truly interesting when we consider, that he laments what he actually suffered, that he was not fastidiously unhappy, but underwent real misery in its fullest extent.

"*To combat perils strange.*" The original is not very graceful—"*Me fez manjar de peixes;*" literally, "had made me *food for fishes.*"

"*Midst that wild main,*" &c. Alluding not to the shipwreck which he suffered in the Gulf of Cochin-China, but to the dangers encountered when he accompanied Manuel de Vasconcelos in an expedition against the Moorish vessels in the Red Sea, about the month of February, 1555.

The Commentator Sousa will not allow that

this Sonnet relates to the life of CAMOENS. He supposes it to have been written by our Poet, but to be descriptive of the misfortunes of one of his friends, and liberally bestows the epithets, "beast and fool," on those who presume to think otherwise.

SONNET V. P. 89.

Written on the morning of our Poet's departure from Lisbon to Santarem.

"*—Purpling orient,*" &c. Literally "*marchetada,*" inlaid.

"*As e'en might turn,*" &c. This fanciful rhodomontade seems to have been suggested by Dante.

"*E comminció raggiandomi d'un riso*
"*Tal, che nel fuoco, faria l'uom felice!*"
PARADISO, CANTO VII. V. 17.

SONNET VI. P. 90.

"*My senses lost,*" &c. Perhaps this complaint was more than poetically true. The assertion in question might have been occasioned by the noble independence of our Poet's disposition, and by his undisguised contempt of titled ignorance and dignified barbarity. Such conduct will in all ages obtain the appellation of madness.

SONNET VII. P. 91.

Bertaut, an old French Poet, hath expressed the same sentiment in a beautiful manner.

Félicité passée
Qui ne peux revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée!
Que n'ay-je en te perdant, perdu le souvenir?

Helas, il ne me reste
De mes contentemens,
Qu' un souvenir funeste
Qui me les convertit, à toute heure, en tourmens!

SONNET VIII. P. 92.

The earliest and happiest years of our Poet's life were passed at Coimbra. The walls of that town were bathed by the river Mondego, to which this beautiful Sonnet is addressed.

SONNET IX. P. 93.

It is amusing to observe our Poet's recantation of all his former blasphemies against the omnipotence of Love. Perhaps, if every man who has felt its influence were to be equally candid, he would confess that his sweetest hours were those which were passed under its dominion. "*Croyez moi, on n'est heureux que par l' amour.*" So said the dangerous Valmont, and once, at least, the dangerous Valmont was right!

SONNET X. P. 94.

" *Come tell me, fairest.*" Thus too *Ferreyra*, one of the most pleasing amongst the Portuguese writers:

" *—Donde tomou amor, e de qual vea,*
" *O ouro taõ fino e puro para aquellas*
" *Tranças louras?—*
" *Donde as perlas,*" &c.

SONNET XIX.

O tell me from what purer mine
Did Love select that redden'd gold
Which fondly o'er thy brows divine
Thus hangs in many an amorous fold!

Both CAMOENS and Ferreyra seem to have taken the idea from Petrarch, Sonn. 185.

" *Onde tolse amor l'oro, e di qual vena*
" *Per far due treccie bionde,*" &c.

SONNET XI. P. 95.

Thus Petrarch:

" *Benedetto sia'l giorno, e'l mese, e l'anno,*" &c.

" *Veil'd every prospect,*" &c.

There is a *concetto* in the original on the word *Esperança*, which signifies both Expectation and Hope.

SONNET XII. P. 96.

Written on the death of Don Antonio de Noronha, who was slain in an encounter with the Moors on the 18th of April, 1553. We must be careful not to confound this amiable young hero with the two inglorious viceroys of his name, nor with Don Antonio de Noronha who was Governor of India in 1568, men remarkable for nothing but the rapacity and extortion which they displayed in

the execution of their office. He whose premature death our Poet thus feelingly laments, was his earliest friend, and connected to him by a remarkable similarity of fortune. His father, the second Count of Linares, had sent him to join the Moorish expedition, in order to remove him from the object of an attachment which he had formed at Lisbon. It was in this expedition that he was slain. The circumstances of his death, as detailed by Sousa, exhibit all the chivalrous gallantry of those romantic days, when men were more than heroes, and women but just less than divine.

"*Live in the memory,*" &c. So B. Tasso,

"*Vivrò nelle memorie dei mortali.*"

SONNET I.

SONNET XIII. P. 97.

The inefficacy of rural beauty to please, during the absence of a mistress, is among the common-places of amatory poets. The language of the heart is so universal, that the similarity of this Sonnet to a passage in Langhorne will not surprise:

"——What are streams or flow'rs,
"Or songs of blithe birds? What the blushing rose,
"Young health, or music, or the voice of praise,
"The smile of vernal suns, the fragrant breath
"Of evening gales—when Delia dwells afar?"

SONNET XIV. P. 98.

Written on his departure for Africa.

"*O then thy magic name's mysterious sound.*" It is probable, says the Commentator, that on such an emergency, he would have invoked the more powerful assistance of St. James of Compostella, or the Archangel St. Michael.

SONNET XV. P. 99.

"*I sang of Love,*" &c. Perhaps this thought was suggested by Dante.

"*Farei parlando innamorar la gente,*
"*—e raggionar' d'amor si dolcemente,*
"*Che face consentir lo cuore in lui—*"
RIME, *fol.* IV. *&* X.

So gaily shall the amorous minstrel sing,
His glowing verse shall soft persuasion bring,
And while the strains in tides of sweetness roll,
Teach warm consent to each enraptur'd soul.

But Dante, unfortunately, did not fulfil his promise, for his minor poems on amatory subjects are often deficient in the ease and delicacy necessary to such compositions.

"*And blushing girls,*" &c. The aptitude of these young scholars brings to mind a celebrated passage in the Confessions of St. Austin. "*Si* "*non amaveris, frigidæ loquor: Da amantem,* "*da sentientem, da desiderantem—sciet quod* "*loquor!*" Confess. Cap. iii. § 4.

"*Those little secrets,*" &c. So *Ausias March*, the Provençal.

"*He asats parlat d'amor, e de sòs fets*
"*E descuberts molts amros secrets!*"

CANTO 73.

Enough have amorous deeds employ'd my song,
Enough those secrets that to Love belong.

SONNET XVI. P. 100.

"*The Tuscan fair,*" &c. Ferreyra has the same thought:

Had you but grac'd that elder day
When Petrarch pour'd his pensive lay;
By Sorga's stream, if haply you
Had met the Poet's amorous view,
O, then the bard of Sorga's stream
Had surely sung a sweeter theme,
And, to a nobler passion true,
Tun'd his wild harp to Love and you!

" Then how, alas, shall humble Liso dare."

Liso is the anagram of *Lois*. In the same manner our Poet discreetly calls his mistress *Natercia* instead of *Caterina*. Sometimes with more learned gallantry he gives her the name of Δυναμενη.

SONNET XVII. P. 101.

Imitated from Petrarch, Sonnet 196.

" *I mi vivea di mia sorte contento,*
" *Senza lagrime, e senza invidia alcuna,*
" *Che s'altro amante há piu destra fortuna,*
" *Mille piacer non vaglion un tormento!*"

I liv'd contented in my lowly state,
Nor grief my heart disturb'd, nor jealous fear,
I envied not the Lover's happier fate—
Can thousand joys repay a single tear?

" *Such bliss I deem'd,*" &c. Thus *Guillem Aesmer,* the Troubadour.

" *Mais vaut d'amor qi ben est enveios,*
" *—Un dolz plorar non vaut qatorz ris!*" &c.

IMITATED.

Some love to weep their prime away;
No charm to me in grief appears,
And forty smiles could never pay
A minute pass'd in tears!

SONNET XVIII. P. 102.

"*Dear band,*" &c. Our Poet had implored Donna Caterina to grant him a lock of her hair. She promised to bestow it at some future period, and in the mean time presented him with the fillet which she wore round her head, as a pledge of her intentions in his favour. *Faria.*

This Sonnet was perhaps suggested by that celebrated Poem of Garcilazo, beginning, "*O dulces prendas,*" &c.

"*Gifts small as these.*" Literally, "By the laws of Love, *part* is taken in pledge for *all*."

SONNET XIX. P. 103.

"*O Lopez!*" This was Don *John Lopez de Leytaō*, to whom our Poet afterwards addressed some very comical verses, occasioned by the sight of a piece of Indian cloth, which *Leytaō* was about to present to a lady of whom he was enamoured.

SONNET XX. P. 104.

Written on the death of Donna Caterina de Ataide.

"*Love saw the deed.*" The *concetti* with which this Sonnet terminates were so obstinate as to compel the Translator in some degree to deviate from his original.

THE NIGHT SCENE. P. 107.

The Translator has to regret that the interruption of illness prevented him from concluding this Canto, which gives a description of the Tournament held in London, during the days of John of Gaunt, when twelve Portuguese Chevaliers vanquished the same number of English. See Mr. Mickle's Translation.

The few Stanzas which have been thus translated, afford a fair specimen of that "eking-out tautology" which the constraint of octave measure compelled CAMOENS to employ, and which is, perhaps, the greatest blemish in his Epic Poem.

FINIS.

C. Whittingham, College House, Chiswick.

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